MARVEL
MYSTERY COMICS
NO. 62
MARCH
10c

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ BY MAIL

Send this Ad with Photo, Snapshot, Negative or Kodak Film. Any Size. Small Photos, Group or Scenery. Original returned with your Enlargement. Guaranteed fade-proof. Add color if desired. Send no money. Pay postage on arrival. Limit 1 to a customer. Only 3¢ plus postage. Send today.

NEW Iron-Love and Friendship RING

Sterling Silver

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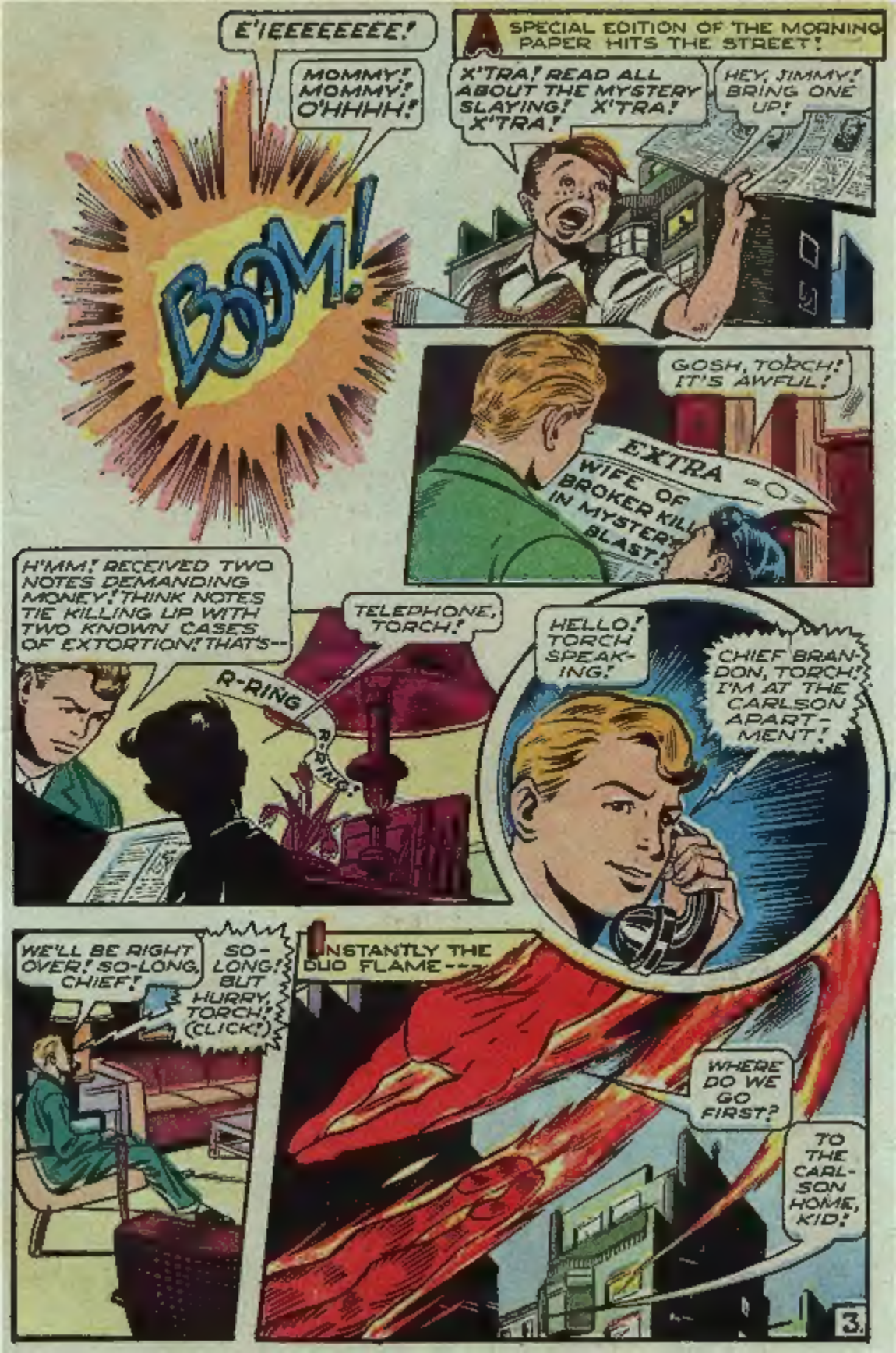
Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN AWAY

Just Send The Coupon

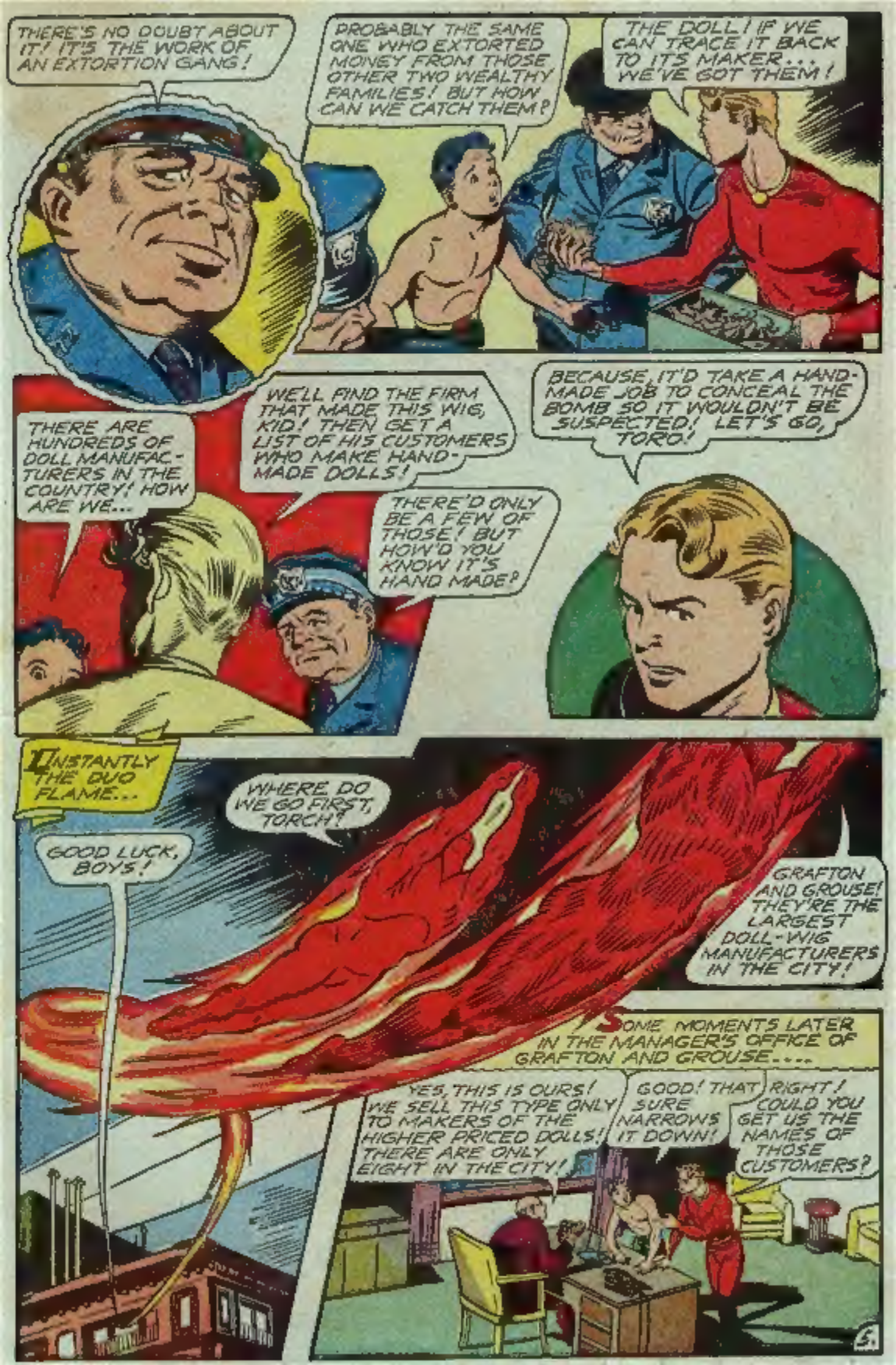
Send Name, Address, Ring Size and Birthstone Month. Pay postage on arrival. Wear 10 days. If not delighted return for refund.

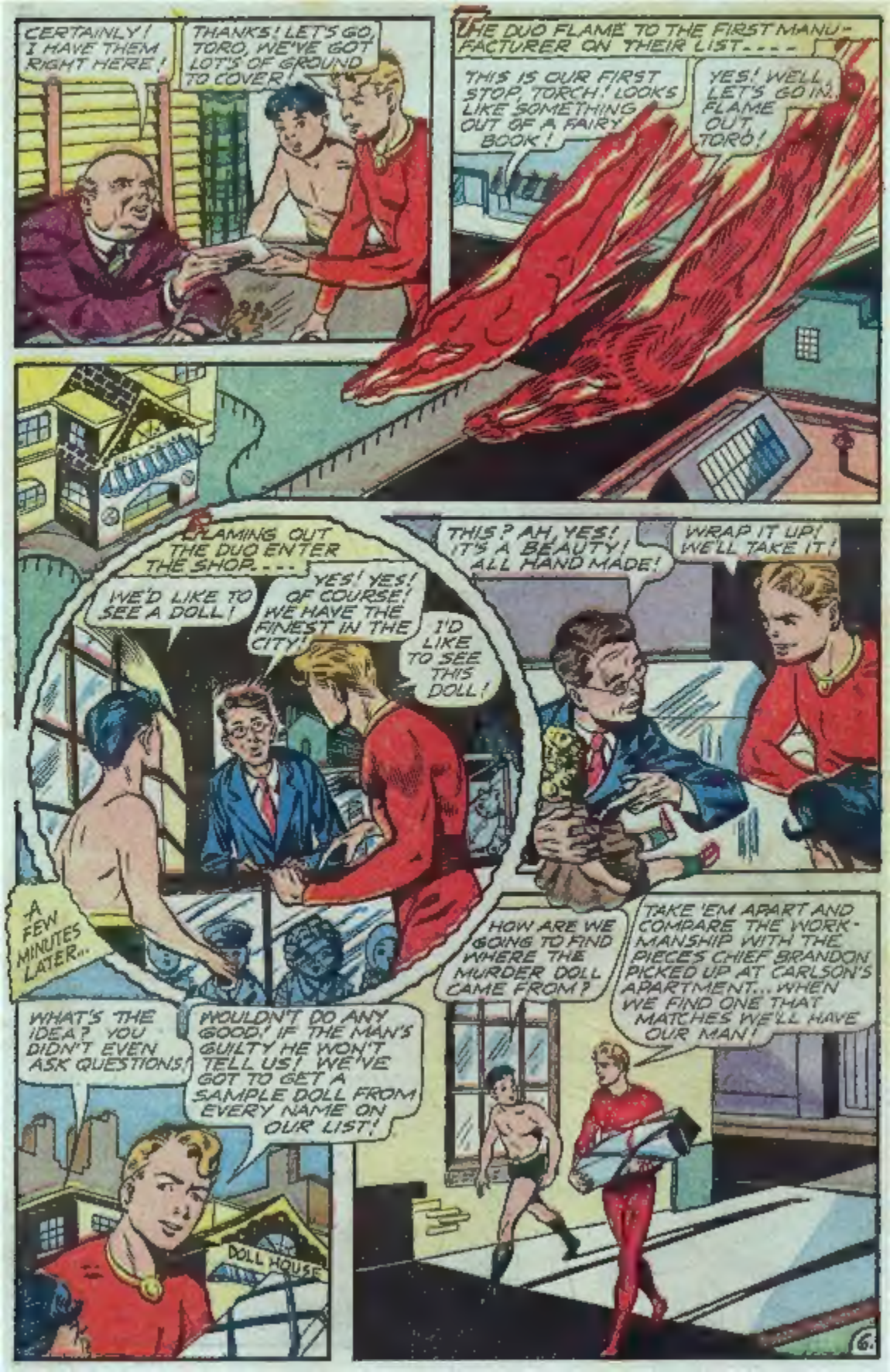
HUMAN TORCH
"DOLLS OF DEATH"

JACK CARLSON, WEALTHY WALL STREET BROKER, PAUSES AT HIS MAIL-BOX BEFORE GOING ON TO HIS OFFICE---!
H'MM! MAYBE I SHOULD GO TO THE POLICE! BUT--- IT'S PROBABLY JUST A CRANK LETTER!
YOUR SECOND WARNING WAS THE LAST! DEATH WILL BE IT'S REWARD!
BUT AS CARLSON LEAVES THE APARTMENT-HOUSE, A MAIL-MAN ENTERS IT--!
IF THESE LETTERS KEEP COMING, I'LL TAKE THEM TO THE AUTHORITIES! JOKES CAN BE CARRIED TOO FAR!
AND PROCEEDING TO THE CARLSON APARTMENT--
SPECIAL DELIVERY PACKAGE FOR YOU, MRS. CARLSON! SIGN HERE, PLEASE!
CERTAINLY! THERE YOU ARE! I WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE!
OPENING THE PACKAGE, REVEALS---!
IT'S BEAUTIFUL! BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYONE WHO WOULD SEND IT! OH, WELL, MAYBE ONE OF JACK'S FRIENDS!
COME HERE, DEAR! THE MAIL-MAN JUST BROUGHT YOU A LOVELY DOLL!
O'HHH! WAIT TILL JANET SEES IT! CAN I HOLD IT, MOMMY? CAN I--?
AS MARY HURRIES TOWARD HER MOTHER, THERE IS A SUDDEN----
OF COURSE, DEAR! IT'S YOURS! A FRIEND OF DADDY'S SENT IT!
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DOLL, MOMMY!
2

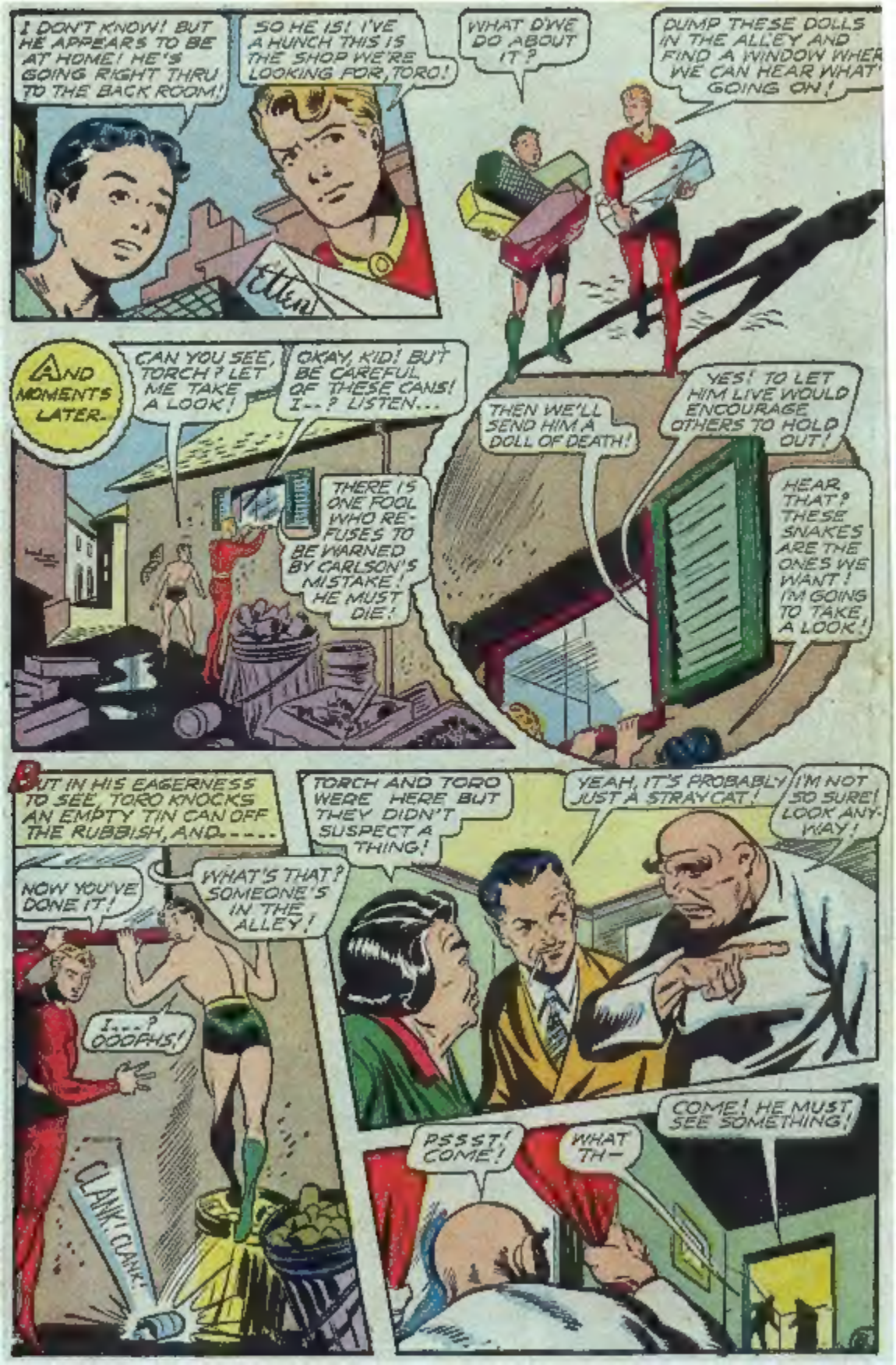

E'IEEEEEEEE!
MOMMY! MOMMY! O'HHHH!
BOOM!
SPECIAL EDITION OF THE MORNING PAPER HITS THE STREET!
X'TRA! READ ALL ABOUT THE MYSTERY SLAYING! X'TRA! X'TRA!
HEY, JIMMY! BRING ONE UP!
GOSH, TORCH! IT'S AWFUL!
EXTRA
WIFE OF BROKER KILLED IN MYSTERY BLAST!
H'MM! RECEIVED TWO NOTES DEMANDING MONEY! THINK NOTES TIE KILLING UP WITH TWO KNOWN CASES OF EXTORTION! THAT'S--
TELEPHONE, TORCH!
R-RING
R-RING!
HELLO! TORCH SPEAKING!
CHIEF BRANDON, TORCH! I'M AT THE CARLSON APARTMENT!
WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER! SO-LONG, CHIEF!
SO-LONG! BUT HURRY, TORCH! (CLICK!)
INSTANTLY THE DUO FLAME---
WHERE DO WE GO FIRST?
TO THE CARLSON HOME, KID!
3.

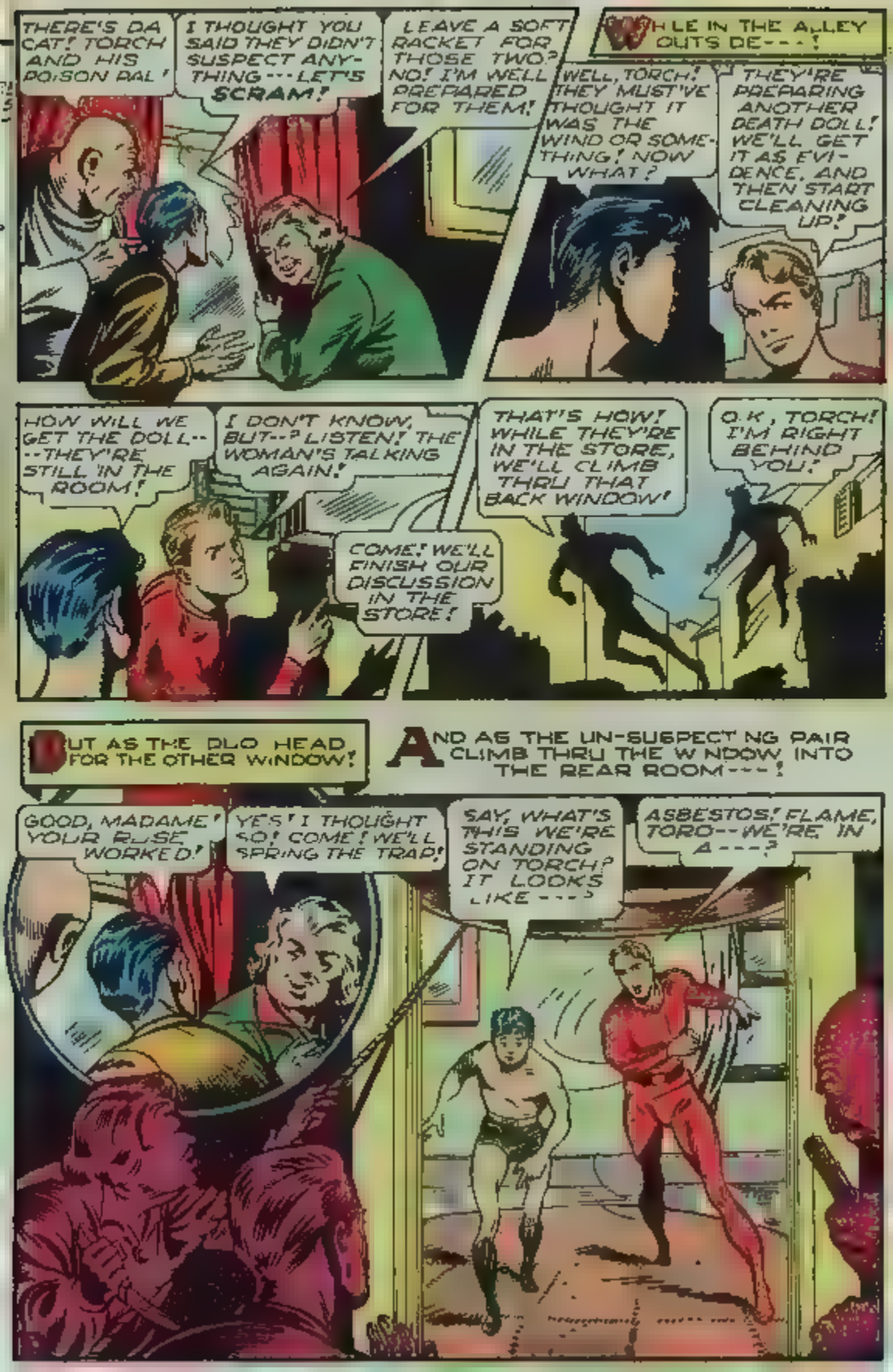
AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER AT THE CARLSON APARTMENT...
FLAME OFF, TORO!
IT WAS A POWERFUL BLAST! THE WOMAN DIED INSTANTLY!
OKAY, TORCH, WHAT A MESS!
HOW ABOUT THE GIRL!
HURT BAD, BUT STILL CONSCIOUS WHEN WE GOT HERE!
ANY IDEA WHAT CAUSED IT?
A BOMB HIDDEN IN A LARGE DOLL! THE KID KEPT CRYING THAT A DOLL HURT HER MOMMY! JOE! SHOW 'EM WHAT WE PICKED UP!
RIGHT, CHIEF!
HMMM... THESE CURVED BITS OF METAL WOULD BE BOMB FRAGMENTS..... ANY IDEA WHO SENT THE BOMB?
THE GIRL SAID THE MAIL-MAN BROUGHT IT! WE CHECKED! IT CAME THRU THE MAIL ALL RIGHT!
HOW ABOUT THE HUSBAND? DOES HE KNOW WHO MAY HAVE DONE THIS?
NO! HE DID TELL US ABOUT TWO NOTES DEMANDING MONEY THOUGH! HE IGNORED THEM... THOUGHT THEY WERE THE WORK OF A CRANK!
EVIDENCE IN CARLSON CASE
4.

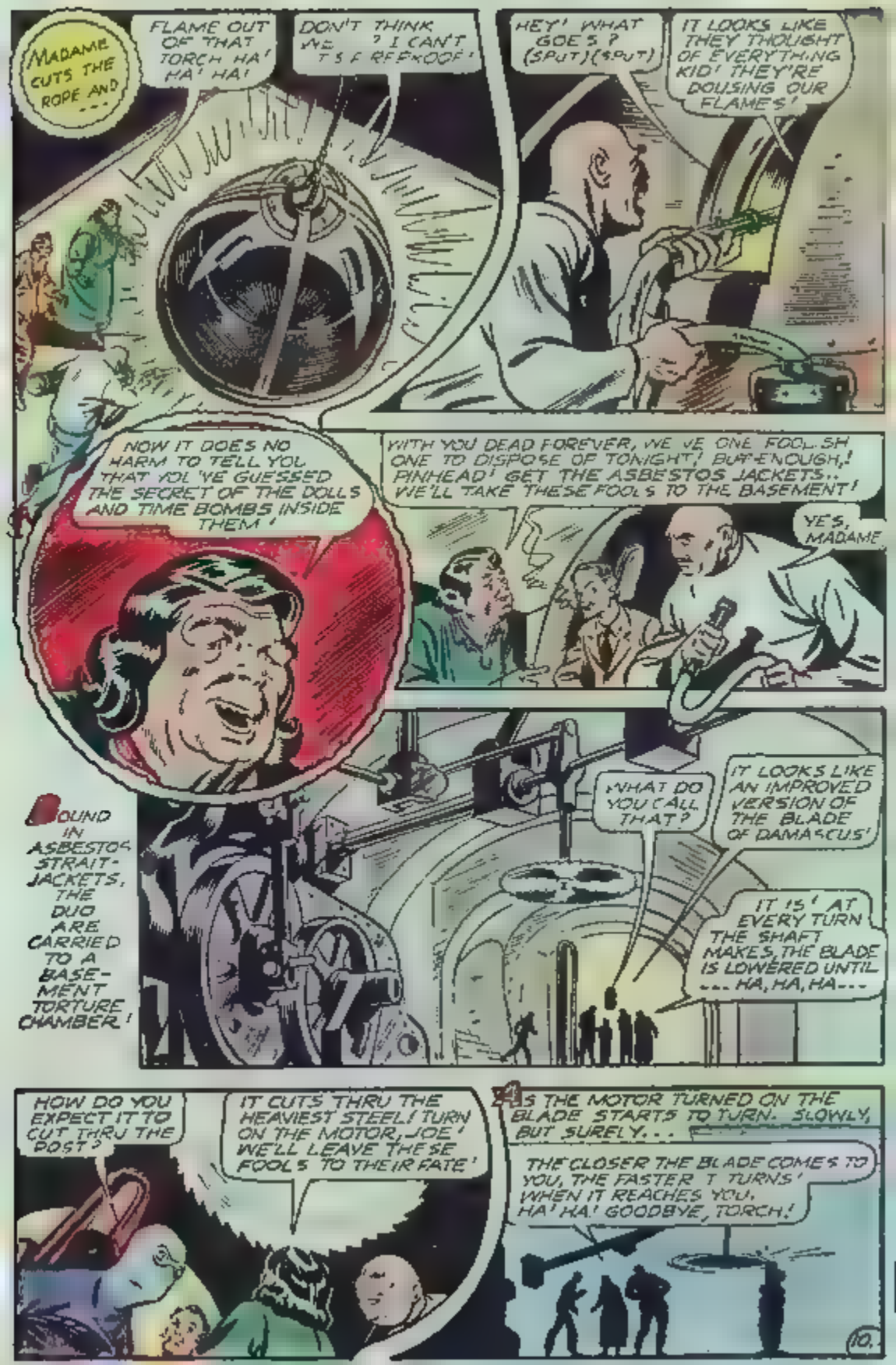

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT'S THE WORK OF AN EXTORTION GANG!
PROBABLY THE SAME ONE WHO EXTORTED MONEY FROM THOSE OTHER TWO WEALTHY FAMILIES! BUT HOW CAN WE CATCH THEM?
THE DOLL! IF WE CAN TRACE IT BACK TO ITS MAKER... WE'VE GOT THEM!
THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF DOLL MANUFACTURERS IN THE COUNTRY! HOW ARE WE...
WE'LL FIND THE FIRM THAT MADE THIS WIG, KID! THEN GET A LIST OF HIS CUSTOMERS WHO MAKE HAND-MADE DOLLS!
THERE'D ONLY BE A FEW OF THOSE! BUT HOW'D YOU KNOW IT'S HAND MADE?
BECAUSE, IT'D TAKE A HAND-MADE JOB TO CONCEAL THE BOMB SO IT WOULDN'T BE SUSPECTED! LET'S GO, TORO!
INSTANTLY THE DUO FLAME...
WHERE DO WE GO FIRST, TORCH?
GOOD LUCK, BOYS!
GRAFTON AND GROUSE! THEY'RE THE LARGEST DOLL-WIG MANUFACTURERS IN THE CITY!
SOME MOMENTS LATER IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE OF GRAFTON AND GROUSE....
YES, THIS IS OURS! WE SELL THIS TYPE ONLY TO MAKERS OF THE HIGHER PRICED DOLLS! THERE ARE ONLY EIGHT IN THE CITY!
GOOD! THAT SURE NARROWS IT DOWN!
RIGHT! COULD YOU GET US THE NAMES OF THOSE CUSTOMERS?
5.

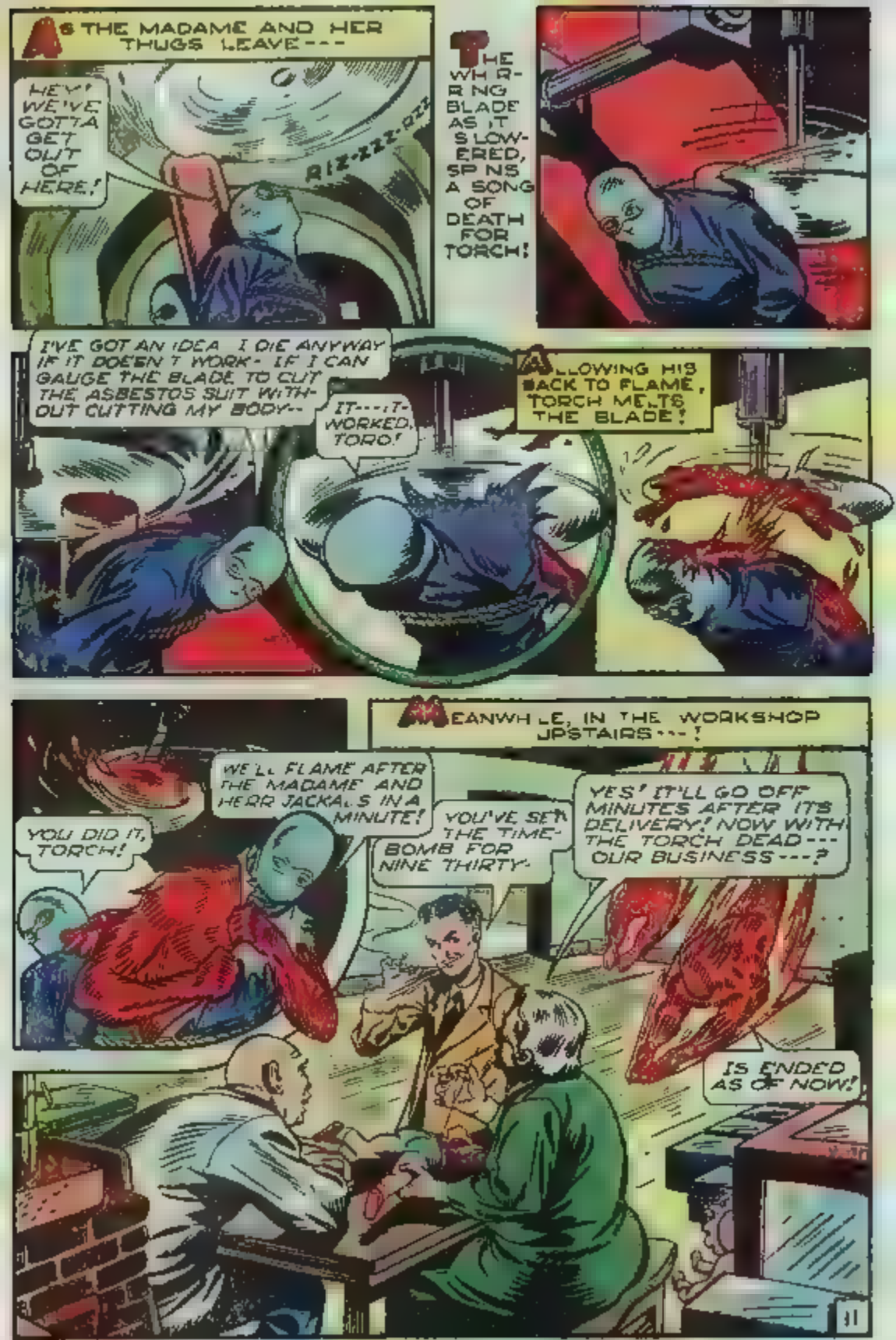

CERTAINLY! I HAVE THEM RIGHT HERE!
THANKS! LET'S GO, TORO, WE'VE GOT LOT'S OF GROUND TO COVER!
THE DUO FLAME TO THE FIRST MANUFACTURER ON THEIR LIST....
THIS IS OUR FIRST STOP, TORCH! LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A FAIRY BOOK!
YES! WELL LET'S GO IN. FLAME OUT, TORO!
FLAMING OUT THE DUO ENTER THE SHOP....
WE'D LIKE TO SEE A DOLL!
YES! YES! OF COURSE! WE HAVE THE FINEST IN THE CITY!
I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS DOLL!
THIS? AH, YES! IT'S A BEAUTY! ALL HAND MADE!
WRAP IT UP! WE'LL TAKE IT!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND WHERE THE MURDER DOLL CAME FROM?
TAKE 'EM APART AND COMPARE THE WORKMANSHIP WITH THE PIECES CHIEF BRANDON PICKED UP AT CARLSON'S APARTMENT... WHEN WE FIND ONE THAT MATCHES WE'LL HAVE OUR MAN!
WHAT'S THE IDEA? YOU DIDN'T EVEN ASK QUESTIONS!
WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD! IF THE MAN'S GUILTY HE WON'T TELL US! WE'VE GOT TO GET A SAMPLE DOLL FROM EVERY NAME ON OUR LIST!
DOLL HOUSE
6.

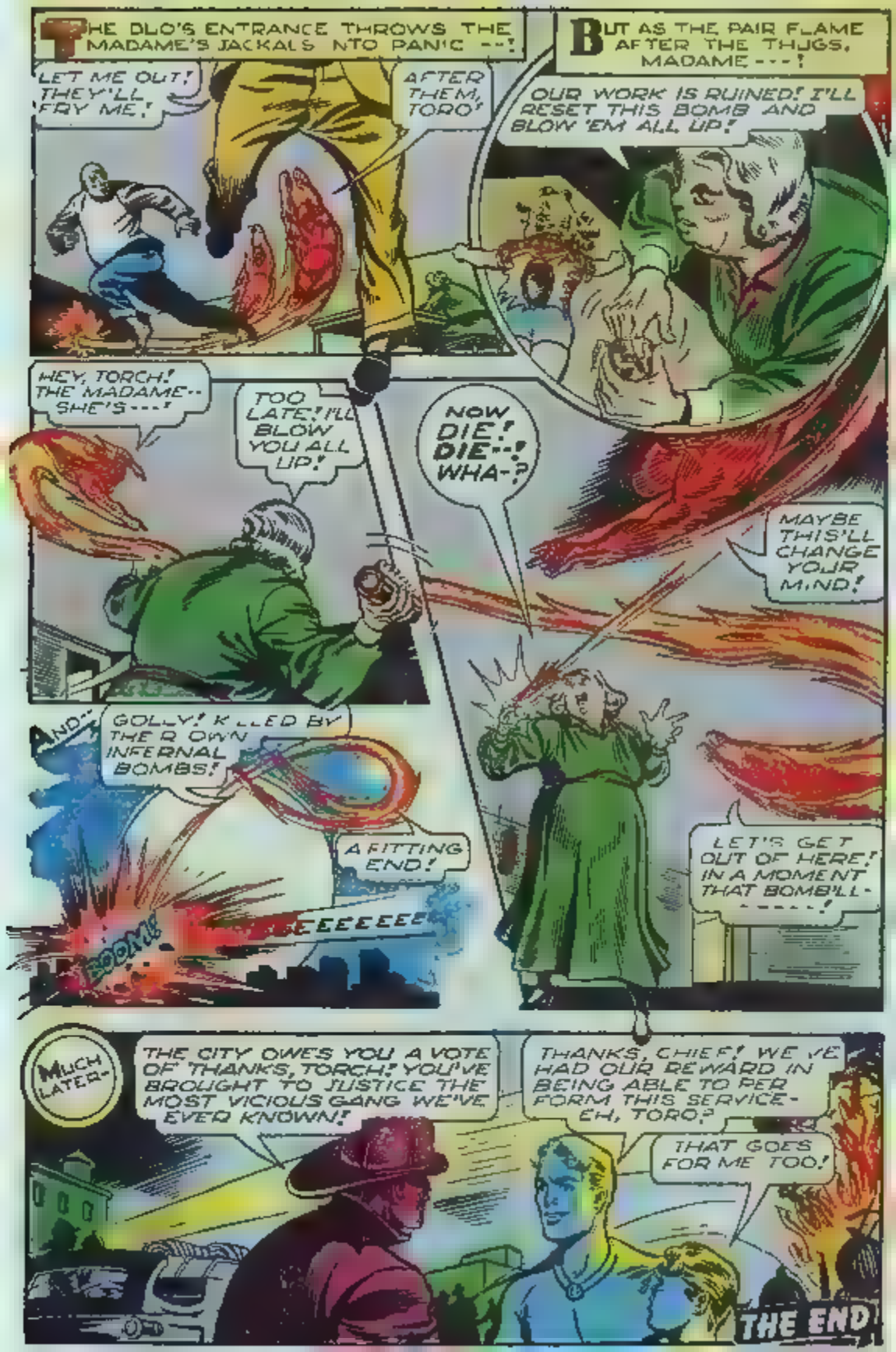
THAT MEANS WE HAVE TO TRUCK AROUND THE CITY BUYIN' DOLLS!
THAT'S RIGHT! AND WE MAY AS WELL GET STARTED!
SOME HOURS LATER...
I'M SURE THE LITTLE GIRL WILL LIKE THE DOLL!
O'HHH! AND I'M SURE MY FEET WOULD LIKE A REST!
STOP MOANIN! THERE'S JUST ONE PLACE LEFT! THE ELLEN LANE DOLL SHOPPE!
PRESENTLY!
THIS IS IT!
ELLEN LANE Doll Shoppe
YES! YOU STAY OUTSIDE AND HOLD THE PACKAGES! IT'S BETTER IF I GO IN ALONE!
YES SIR!
I'D LIKE TO LOOK AT SOME DOLLS!
ELLEN LANE
MOMENTS LATER AS TORCH EMERGES WITH HIS PURCHASE!
WELL, DID YOU? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THAT MAN! I'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE! I'VE GOT IT!
Ellen Lane
WELL-- WHO IS HE?
JOE GRABBE, A POLICY RACKETEER! WHAT WOULD HE BE DOING IN A DOLL SHOP?
ELLEN LANE Doll Shoppe
Ellen
7.


I DON'T KNOW! BUT HE APPEARS TO BE AT HOME! HE'S GOING RIGHT THRU TO THE BACK ROOM!
SO HE IS! I'VE A HUNCH THIS IS THE SHOP WE'RE LOOKING FOR, TORO!
WHAT D'WE DO ABOUT IT?
DUMP THESE DOLLS IN THE ALLEY AND FIND A WINDOW WHERE WE CAN HEAR WHAT'S GOING ON!
AND MOMENTS LATER-
CAN YOU SEE, TORCH? LET ME TAKE A LOOK!
OKAY, KID! BUT BE CAREFUL OF THESE CANS! I--? LISTEN...
THERE IS ONE FOOL WHO REFUSES TO BE WARNED BY CARLSON'S MISTAKE! HE MUST DIE!
THEN WE'LL SEND HIM A DOLL OF DEATH!
YES! TO LET HIM LIVE WOULD ENCOURAGE OTHERS TO HOLD OUT!
HEAR THAT? THESE SNAKES ARE THE ONES WE WANT! I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK!
BUT IN HIS EAGERNESS TO SEE, TORO KNOCKS AN EMPTY TIN CAN OFF THE RUBBISH, AND-----
NOW YOU'VE DONE IT!
WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S IN THE ALLEY!
I...? OOOPHS!
CLANK! CLANK!
TORCH AND TORO WERE HERE BUT THEY DIDN'T SUSPECT A THING!
YEAH, IT'S PROBABLY JUST A STRAY CAT!
I'M NOT SO SURE! LOOK ANYWAY!
PSSST! COME!
WHAT TH-
COME! HE MUST SEE SOMETHING!

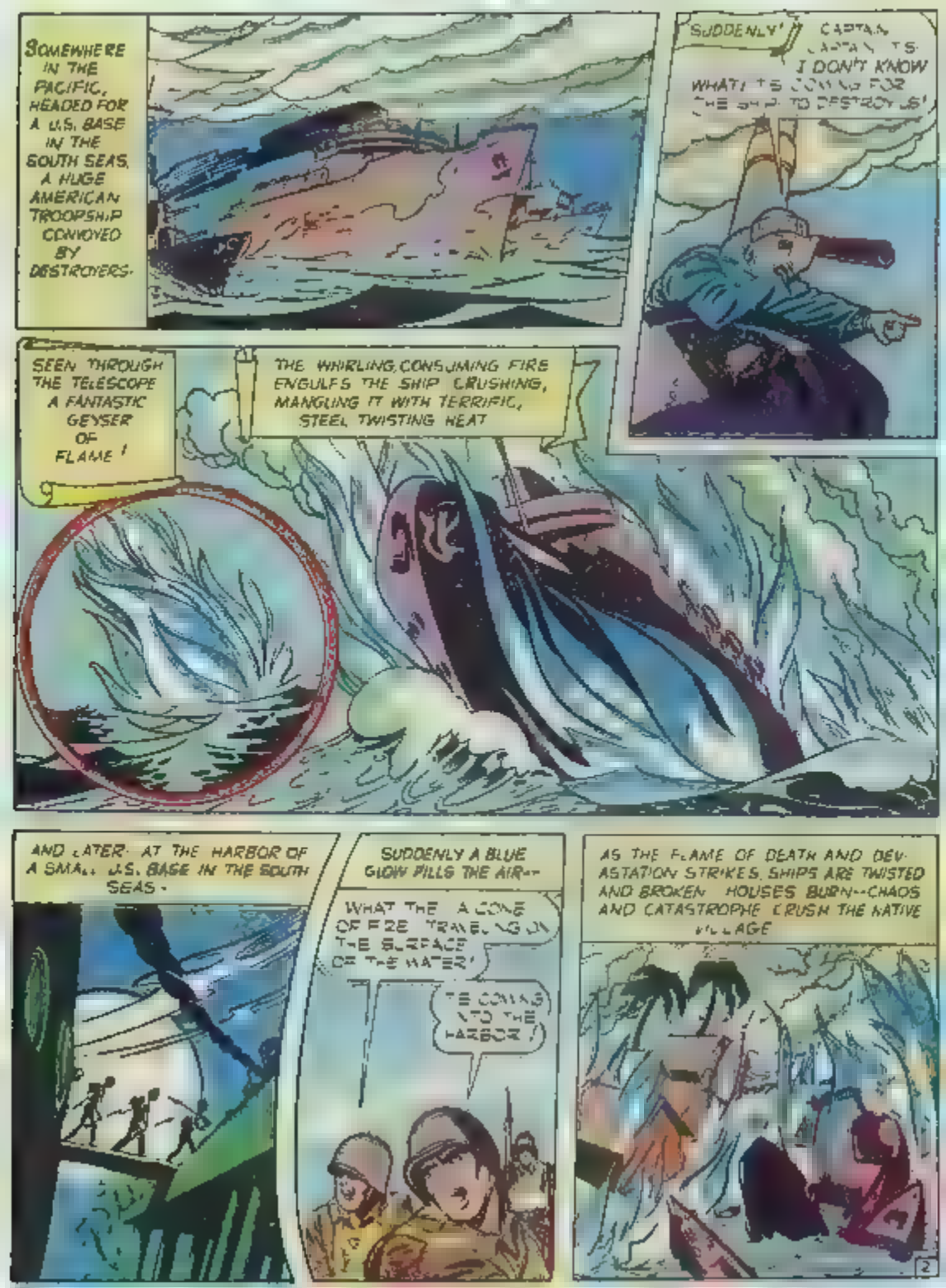

THERE'S DA CAT! TORCH AND HIS POISON PAL!
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY DIDN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING---LET'S SCRAM!
LEAVE A SOFT RACKET FOR THOSE TWO? NO! I'M WELL PREPARED FOR THEM!
WHILE IN THE ALLEY OUTSIDE---!
WELL, TORCH! THEY MUST'VE THOUGHT IT WAS THE WIND OR SOMETHING! NOW WHAT?
THEY'RE PREPARING ANOTHER DEATH DOLL! WE'LL GET IT AS EVIDENCE, AND THEN START CLEANING UP!
HOW WILL WE GET THE DOLL--THEY'RE STILL IN THE ROOM!
I DON'T KNOW, BUT--? LISTEN! THE WOMAN'S TALKING AGAIN!
COME! WE'LL FINISH OUR DISCUSSION IN THE STORE!
THAT'S HOW! WHILE THEY'RE IN THE STORE, WE'LL CLIMB THRU THAT BACK WINDOW!
O.K., TORCH! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
BUT AS THE DUO HEAD FOR THE OTHER WINDOW!
AND AS THE UN-SUSPECTING PAIR CLIMB THRU THE WINDOW INTO THE REAR ROOM---!
GOOD, MADAME! YOUR RUSE WORKED!
YES! I THOUGHT SO! COME! WE'LL SPRING THE TRAP!
SAY, WHAT'S THIS WE'RE STANDING ON TORCH? IT LOOKS LIKE---?
ASBESTOS! FLAME, TORO--WE'RE IN A---?


MADAME CUTS THE ROPE AND ---
FLAME OUT OF THAT TORCH HA' HA' HA!
DON'T THINK WE ' I CAN'T T S F REFROOF'
HEY' WHAT GOE S ? (SPUT)(SPUT)
IT LOOKS LIKE THEY THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING KID' THEY'RE DOUSING OUR FLAMES'
NOW IT DOES NO HARM TO TELL YOU THAT YOU 'VE GUESSED THE SECRET OF THE DOLLS AND TIME BOMBS INSIDE THEM'
WITH YOU DEAD FOREVER, WE VE ONE FOOLISH ONE TO DISPOSE OF TONIGHT,' BUT ENOUGH,! PINHEAD' GET THE ASBESTOS JACKETS.. WE'LL TAKE THESE FOOLS TO THE BASEMENT'
YE'S, MADAME
BOUND IN ASBESTOS STRAIT-JACKETS, THE DUO ARE CARRIED TO A BASE-MENT TORTURE CHAMBER'
WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?
IT LOOKS LIKE AN IMPROVED VERSION OF THE BLADE OF DAMASCUS'
IT IS' AT EVERY TURN THE SHAFT MAKES, THE BLADE IS LOWERED UNTIL --- HA, HA, HA---
HOW DO YOU EXPECT IT TO CUT THRU THE POST?
IT CUTS THRU THE HEAVIEST STEEL! TURN ON THE MOTOR, JOE' WE'LL LEAVE THESE FOOLS TO THEIR FATE'
AS THE MOTOR TURNED ON THE BLADE STARTS TO TURN. SLOWLY, BUT SURELY. . .
THE CLOSER THE BLADE COMES TO YOU, THE FASTER T TURNS' WHEN IT REACHES YOU, HA' HA! GOODBYE, TORCH!
10.


AS THE MADAME AND HER THUGS LEAVE---
HEY! WE'VE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!
RIZ-ZZ-ZZZ
THE WHIRRING BLADE AS IT SLOWERED, SPINS A SONG OF DEATH FOR TORCH!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA I DIE ANYWAY IF IT DOESN'T WORK- IF I CAN GAUGE THE BLADE TO CUT THE ASBESTOS SUIT WITHOUT CUTTING MY BODY--
IT---IT-WORKED, TORO!
ALLOWING HIS BACK TO FLAME, TORCH MELTS THE BLADE!
MEANWHILE, IN THE WORKSHOP UPSTAIRS---!
YOU DID IT, TORCH!
WE'LL FLAME AFTER THE MADAME AND HERR JACKALS IN A MINUTE!
YOU'VE SET THE TIME-BOMB FOR NINE THIRTY-
YES! IT'LL GO OFF MINUTES AFTER ITS DELIVERY! NOW WITH THE TORCH DEAD--- OUR BUSINESS---?
IS ENDED AS OF NOW!
11


THE DLO'S ENTRANCE THROWS THE MADAME'S JACKALS INTO PANIC --!
BUT AS THE PAIR FLAME AFTER THE THUGS, MADAME ---!
LET ME OUT! THEY'LL FRY ME!
AFTER THEM, TORO!
OUR WORK IS RUINED! I'LL RESET THIS BOMB AND BLOW 'EM ALL UP!
HEY, TORCH! THE MADAME-- SHE'S ---!
TOO LATE! I'LL BLOW YOU ALL UP!
NOW DIE! DIE--! WHA-?
MAYBE THIS'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND!
AND--
GOLLY! KILLED BY THEIR OWN INFERNAL BOMBS!
A FITTING END!
EEEEEEEE
BOOM!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! IN A MOMENT THAT BOMB'LL- - - - - -!
MUCH LATER-
THE CITY OWES YOU A VOTE OF THANKS, TORCH! YOU'VE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE THE MOST VICIOUS GANG WE'VE EVER KNOWN!
THANKS, CHIEF! WE'VE HAD OUR REWARD IN BEING ABLE TO PERFORM THIS SERVICE- EH, TORO?
THAT GOES FOR ME TOO!
THE END

SUB-MARINER
CATASTROPHE STRIKES IN A WHIRLPOOL OF FLAMING WATER! WEIRD DEVASTATION PANICS AMERICAN OFFICIALS AS THE OCEAN FIRE TWISTS SHIPS ASUNDER AND LEAVES THEM NO MORE THAN CRUSHED HULLS OF MOLTEN METAL! WHAT IS THIS GRUESOME BLUE-WHITE MONSTER OF DESTRUCTION? SUB-MARINER FINDS THE ANSWER AS HE FIGHTS THE AWESOME TERRIFYING
FOUNTAINS OF FLAME

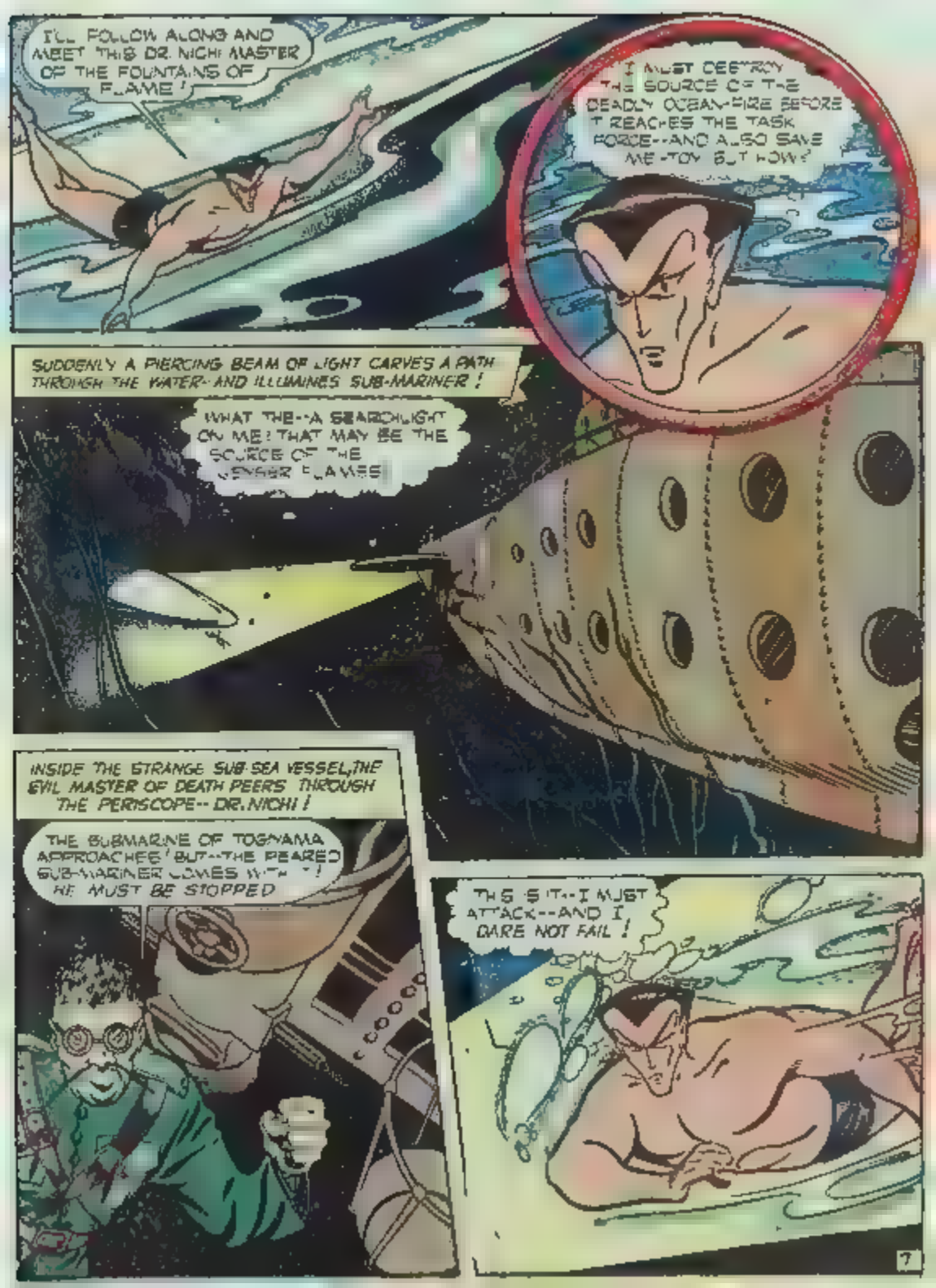

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC, HEADED FOR A U.S. BASE IN THE SOUTH SEAS, A HUGE AMERICAN TROOPSHIP CONVOYED BY DESTROYERS.
SUDDENLY!
CAPTAIN, CAPTAIN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S COMING FOR THE SHIP TO DESTROY US!
SEEN THROUGH THE TELESCOPE A FANTASTIC GEYSER OF FLAME!
THE WHIRLING, CONSUMING FIRE ENGULFS THE SHIP CRUSHING, MANGLING IT WITH TERRIFIC, STEEL TWISTING HEAT
AND LATER- AT THE HARBOR OF A SMALL U.S. BASE IN THE SOUTH SEAS.
SUDDENLY A BLUE GLOW FILLS THE AIR--
WHAT THE-- A CONE OF FIRE TRAVELING ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER!
IT'S COMING INTO THE HARBOR!
AS THE FLAME OF DEATH AND DEVASTATION STRIKES, SHIPS ARE TWISTED AND BROKEN HOUSES BURN--CHAOS AND CATASTROPHE CRUSH THE NATIVE VILLAGE
2

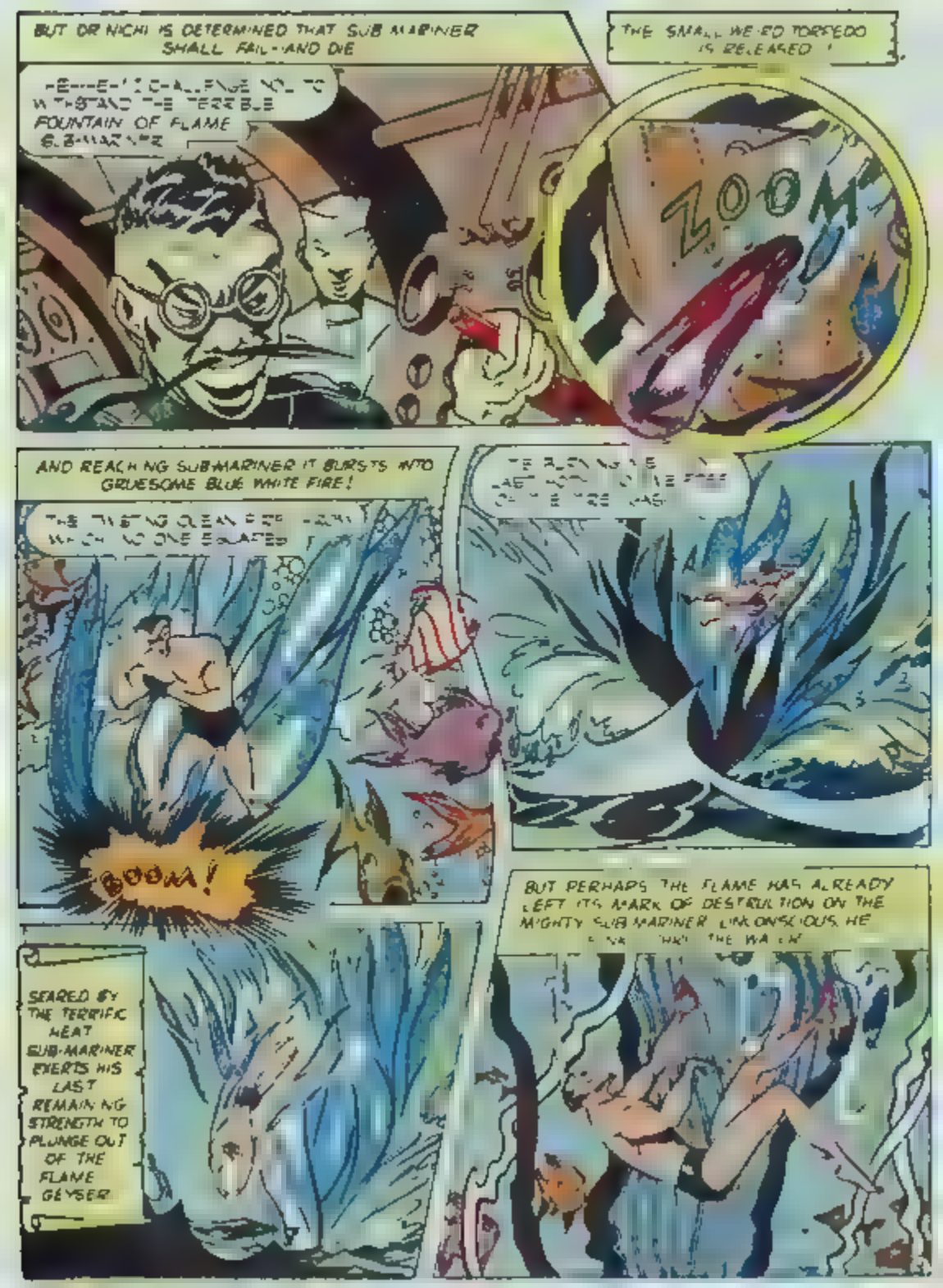
AT A SMALL CAFÉ IN HONOLULU--
THIS "FOUNTAIN FLAME"--HORRIBLE! PUZZLING, THE WAY IT SEEMS TO RISE FROM THE SEA!
POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DESTROY EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH!
A SECRET "AERIAL" FORCE OF CARRIERS AND MUNITIONS FOR MACARTHUR IS LEAVING TONIGHT!
WE'RE STARTING FROM HERE AT MIDNIGHT, FOR AUSTRALIA! SHOULD THE FIRE-FOUNTAIN ATTACK US, WE'D BE HELPLESS!
GOOD LUCK. I'LL DO MY BEST TO PROTECT THIS VITAL TASK FORCE!
ALONE... SUB-MARINER PONDERS HIS GREAT PROBLEM
BUT HOW CAN I ENSURE THE SAFETY OF THOSE SHIPS AND SUPPLIES?--I CAN'T SEARCH THE WHOLE PACIFIC FOR SOME SIGN OF TROUBLE!
THE LOVELY, EXOTIC SINGER PASSES CLOSE TO SUB-MARINER'S TABLE...
WILL THE LOTUS BLOSSOMS BLOOM AGAIN BEFORE YOU'RE IN MY ARMS, AGAIN...
DROPPING HER VOICE, THE GIRL SPEAKS A FEW HURRIED WORDS..
SUB-MARINER, YOU ALONE CAN CONQUER THE DEADLY FOUNTAINS OF FLAME! TONIGHT--DISGUISE YOURSELF AS A JAPANESE!
THE STUPID SONS OF JAPAN THINK I AM A JAPANESE SPY MEET ME AT MIDNIGHT WAIKIKI COVE!
AT MIDNIGHT, DISGUISED AS A JAP, NAMOR APPROACHES THE COVE, TO MEET THE MYSTERIOUS CHINESE GIRL!
I MUST BE CAREFUL! THIS MAY BE A TRAP!
13

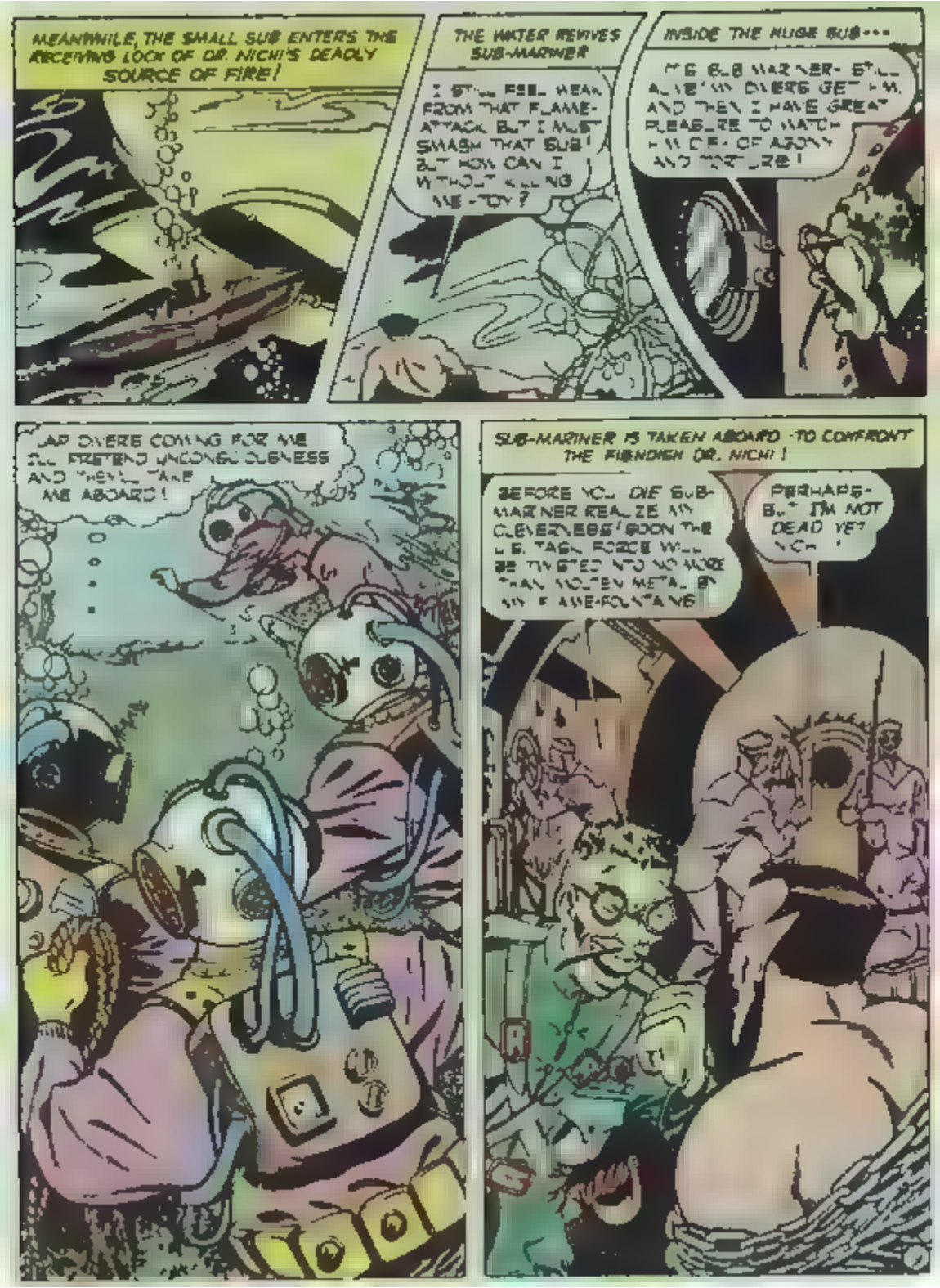
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, EVIL SONS OF TOJO WATCH THE TASK FORCE AS IT SAILS OUT OF PEARL HARBOR !-
OUR LEADER, DR. NICHI WILL DESTROY THE TASK FORCE!
FIRST WE MEET THE HONORABLE GIRL WHO HELPS US - THEN WE JOIN NICHI!
FROM THE SOMBER MIDNIGHT SHADOWS, THE EXOTIC GIRL EMERGES....
THE JAPANESE COME ANY MINUTE
DON'T WORRY! I CAN FOOL THEM!
(SHH! HERE THEY ARE!) --ER THIS IS DR. SUKI! HE IS ALSO HONORED SPY FOR JAPAN! HE WILL HELP US!
I HAVE INFORMATION OF AMERICAN TROOP MOVEMENTS! YOU TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER, YES?
TO DR. NICHI - OF COURSE -- WE GO NOW!
SUDDENLY ANOTHER OF THE FIENDISH JAPS RUSHES UP, SCREAMING.
WAIT! THE GIRL HAS DECEIVED US! I HAVE DISCOVERED SHE IS MEI-TOY DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS CHINESE GENERAL!
A SO-DISTINGUISHED HOSTAGE! NO ONE WILL DARE OPPOSE US WHEN MEI-TOY IS OUR PRISONER!
SOLDIER WE TAKE HER TO NICHI!
THE CUNNING JAPS GRAB LOVELY MEI-TOY! AND SUB-MARINER THROWS OFF HIS DISGUISE!
DON'T BE TOO SURE ABOUT THAT!

ON THE ROCKY PINNACLE ABOVE THE COVE, SUB-MARINER STRUGGLES WITH HIS DEADLY ENEMIES IN MORTAL COMBAT!
SUB-MARINER BE CAREFUL—
THIS IS NO TIME FOR CALM ON
ARE YOU SURE WE SHOULD BE SO EASY TO
MAL ANTLY SUB-MARINER STRUGGLES WITH HIS THREE OPPONENTS--UNTIL ONE OF THEM PULLS OUT A KNIFE--!
OUT OF WATER THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT ONLY ONE MAN--!
I'LL SEE HOW CLEVER YOU ARE, SUB MARINER--- AGAINST A BLADE OF STEEL!
WITH A SUDDEN WRITHING OF HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES, SUB MARINER HURLS THE JAPS OFF-BALANCE AND
NOW--A STEP DOWN FOR YOU BOYS INTO AN
SEE HOW WE ARE
UNDER WATER
NOW I GET AIR!
WHALE PYGMIES MAKE NICE BUBBLES
GLAD YOU BROUGHT YOUR DAGGER ALONG!
WITH DEVASTATING STRENGTH SUB-MARINER TWISTS THE JAP'S ARM BACK..

AND WITH A LIGHTNING PLUNGE--!
YOU JAPS ARE SO FOND OF SUICIDE - NOW YOU CAN BOAST ABOUT THIS TO YOUR HONORABLE ANCESTORS!
AWWG
GURGLE
A JAP SUB! I'D LIKE TO KNOCK THE BOTTOM OUT OF IT BUT- BETTER MAKE SURE OF SOMETHING FIRST!
I - GOT TO BE SURE ME - TOJI ISN'T ON BOARD!
BUT THROUGH A SUBMARINE PORTHOLE, SUB-MARINER SEES..
PLEASE TO REMAIN CALM HONORABLE ME - TOJI AND YOU WILL MEET OR.NICH!
YOU - EEEE!
JUST AS I FEARED! THEY'VE ALREADY TAKEN ME-TOJI ABOARD! I CAN'T DESTROY THE SUB!
6


I'LL FOLLOW ALONG AND MEET THIS DR. NICHI MASTER OF THE FOUNTAINS OF FLAME!
I MUST DESTROY THE SOURCE OF THE DEADLY OCEAN-FIRE BEFORE IT REACHES THE TASK FORCE--AND ALSO SAVE ME--TOO! BUT HOW?
SUDDENLY A PIERCING BEAM OF LIGHT CARVES A PATH THROUGH THE WATER--AND ILLUMINES SUB-MARINER!
WHAT THE--A SEARCHLIGHT ON ME! THAT MAY BE THE SOURCE OF THE OCEAN FLAMES!
INSIDE THE STRANGE SUB-SEA VESSEL, THE EVIL MASTER OF DEATH PEERS THROUGH THE PERISCOPE--DR. NICHI!
THE SUBMARINE OF TOGNAMA APPROACHES! BUT--THE PEARED SUB-MARINER COMES WITH HE MUST BE STOPPED
THIS IS IT--I MUST ATTACK--AND I DARE NOT FAIL!
7


BUT DR NICHI IS DETERMINED THAT SUB MARINER SHALL FAIL AND DIE
THE SMALL WEED TORPEDO IS RELEASED !
ZOOM
AND REACHING SUBMARINER IT BURSTS INTO GRUESOME BLUE WHITE FIRE!
BOOM!
SEARED BY THE TERRIFIC HEAT SUB-MARINER EXERTS HIS LAST REMAINING STRENGTH TO PLUNGE OUT OF THE FLAME GEYSER
BUT PERHAPS THE FLAME HAS ALREADY LEFT ITS MARK OF DESTRUCTION ON THE MIGHTY SUB MARINER UNCONSCIOUS HE


MEANWHILE, THE SMALL SUB ENTERS THE RECEIVING LOCK OF DR. NICHI'S DEADLY SOURCE OF FIRE!
THE WATER REVIVES SUB-MARINER
I STILL FEEL WEAK FROM THAT FLAME-ATTACK BUT I MUST SMASH THAT SUB! BUT HOW CAN I WITHOUT KILLING ME-TOO?
INSIDE THE HUGE SUB...
THE SUB-MARINER- STILL ALIVE! MY DIVERS GET HIM, AND THEN I HAVE GREAT PLEASURE TO WATCH HIM DIE- OF AGONY AND TORTURE!
MY DIVERS COMING FOR ME I'LL PRETEND UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND THEY'LL TAKE ME ABOARD!
SUB-MARINER IS TAKEN ABOARD -TO CONFRONT THE FIENDISH DR. NICHI!
BEFORE YOU DIE SUB-MARINER REALIZE MY CLEVERNESS! SOON THE U.S. TASK FORCE WILL BE TWISTED INTO NO MORE THAN MOLTEN METAL BY MY FLAME-FOUNTAINS!
PERHAPS- BUT I'M NOT DEAD YET NICHI!

THIS IS MY GREAT TRIUMPH! MY IMPLEMENT OF DEATH! SO SIMPLE! ELECTRIC CURRENT SEPARATES WATER INTO HYDROGEN AND OXYGEN! PROCESS IS CALLED "ELECTROLYSIS OF WATER!" THESE GASSES UNDER GREAT PRESSURE REVOLVE SWIFTLY, AND ARE IGNITED BY ELECTRIC SPARK! THE FLAME OF THIS MIXTURE IS *HOTTEST KNOWN TO SCIENCE*, OH MIGHTY SUB-MARINER!

FLAME-BOMB

ROTATING

HIGH SPEED MECHANISM

VALVES

"--MY SPECIAL ELECTRONIC CURRENT CHARGES THE WHIRLING FLAMES SO THAT FROM THE OCEAN WATER THE SUPER-HOT FLAMES DRAW MORE HYDROGEN AND OXYGEN! THEN THE FLAMES GROW GIGANTIC!"

MEANWHILE, THE U.S. TASK FORCE, DOOMED BY NICHI'S WORDS, COMES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE SOURCE OF DEVASTATION!----

BUT WHAT BLOOD-CURDLING NEW PLAN IS THIS OF NICHI'S?

AND NOW--TORTURE AND DEATH BY FLAME FOR YOU, SO HONORABLE SUB-MARINER!

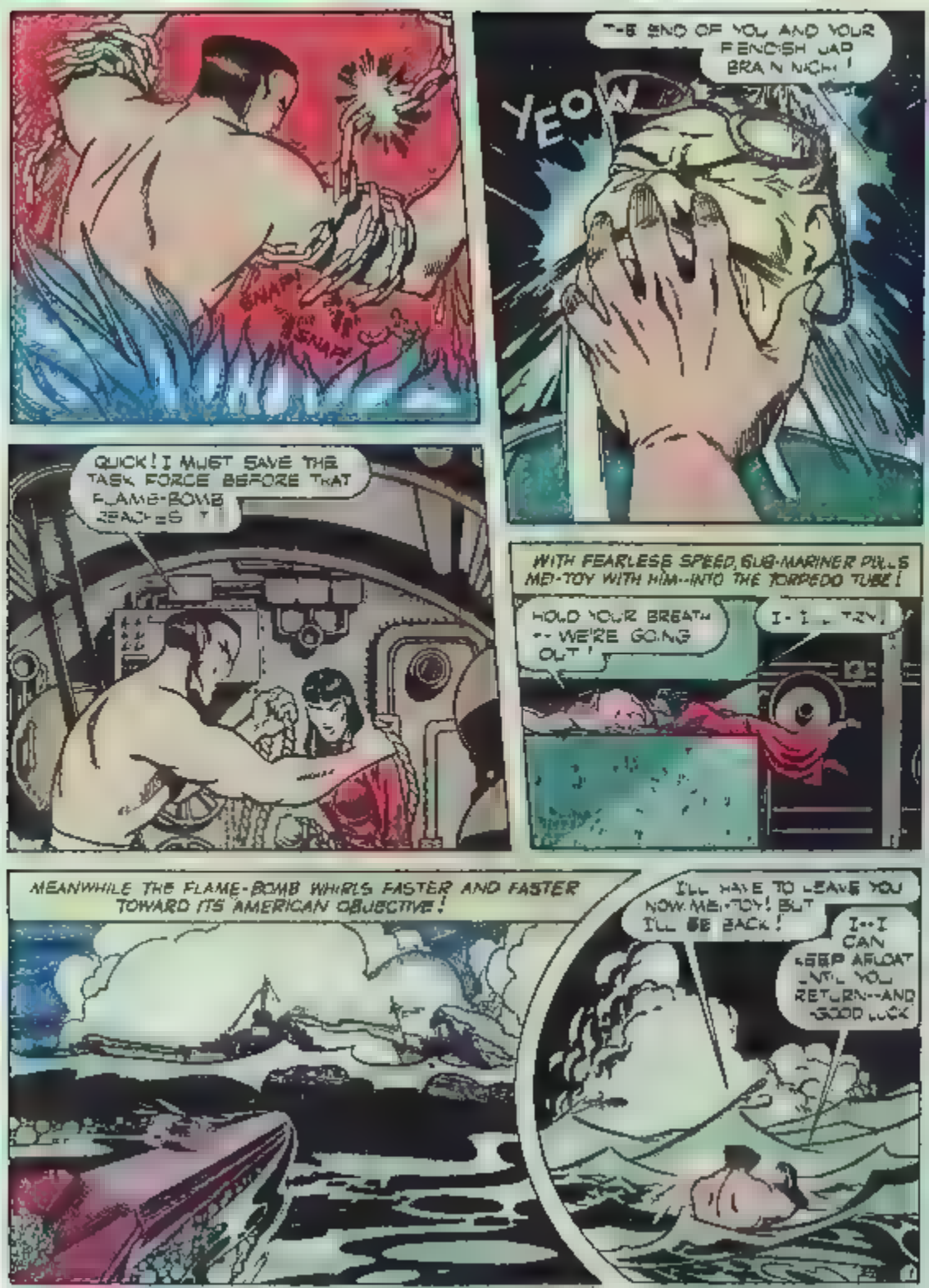
A TYPICAL JAP TRICK! AND YOU'LL REGRET IT, NICHI!

NOW FLAME-BOMB IS LAUNCHED! U.S. TASK FORCE WILL BE WRECKED--JUST AS YOU WILL DIE!

BUT OUTWITTING THE SCHEMING JAP, SUB-MARINER KNOCKS THE FLAME-GLOBE FROM HIS HANDS!

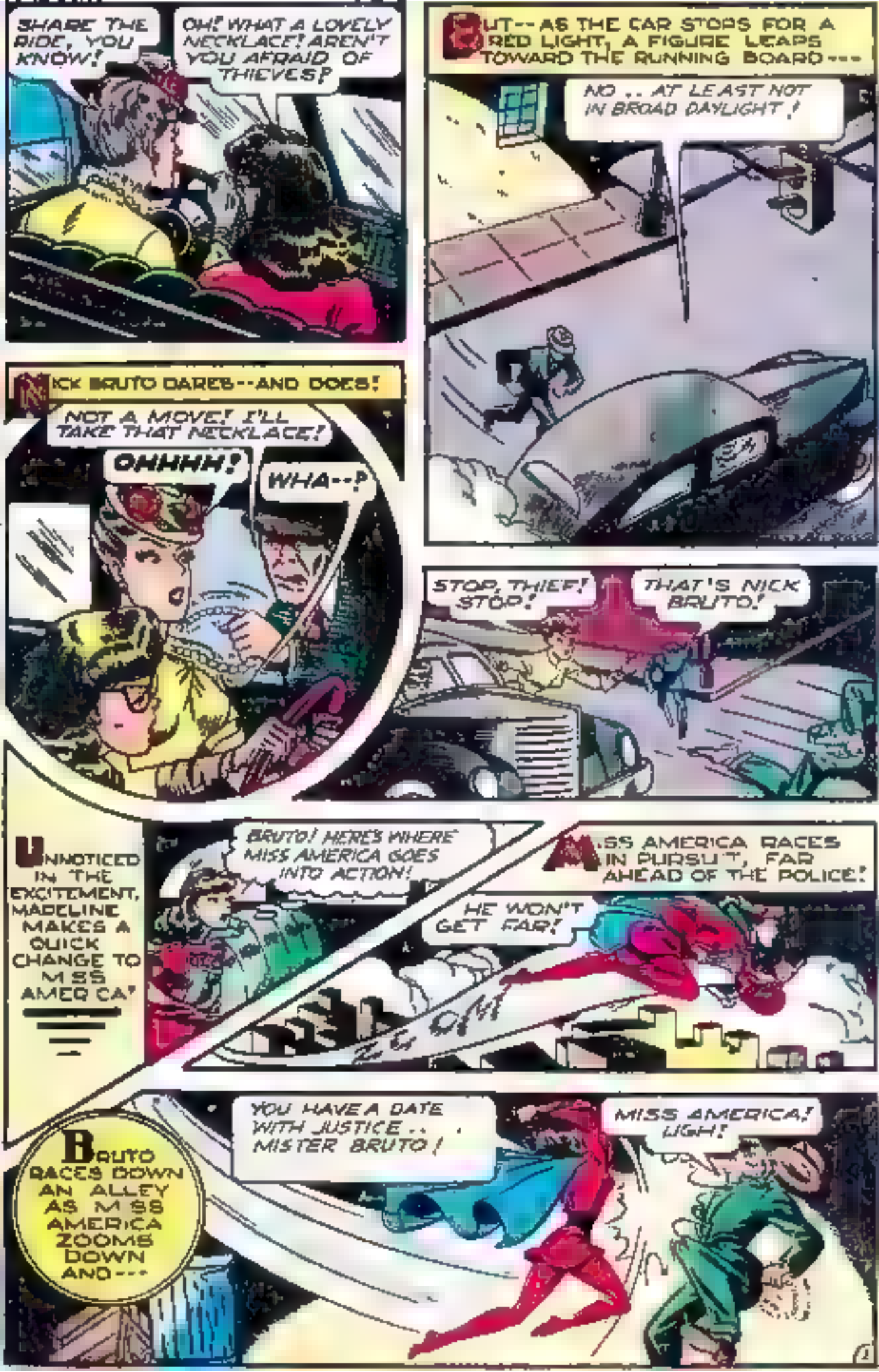
SMASH!

THE FIRE--BURNS ME--BUT THE WATER GIVES ME NEW STRENGTH FOR THE VITAL JOB AHEAD

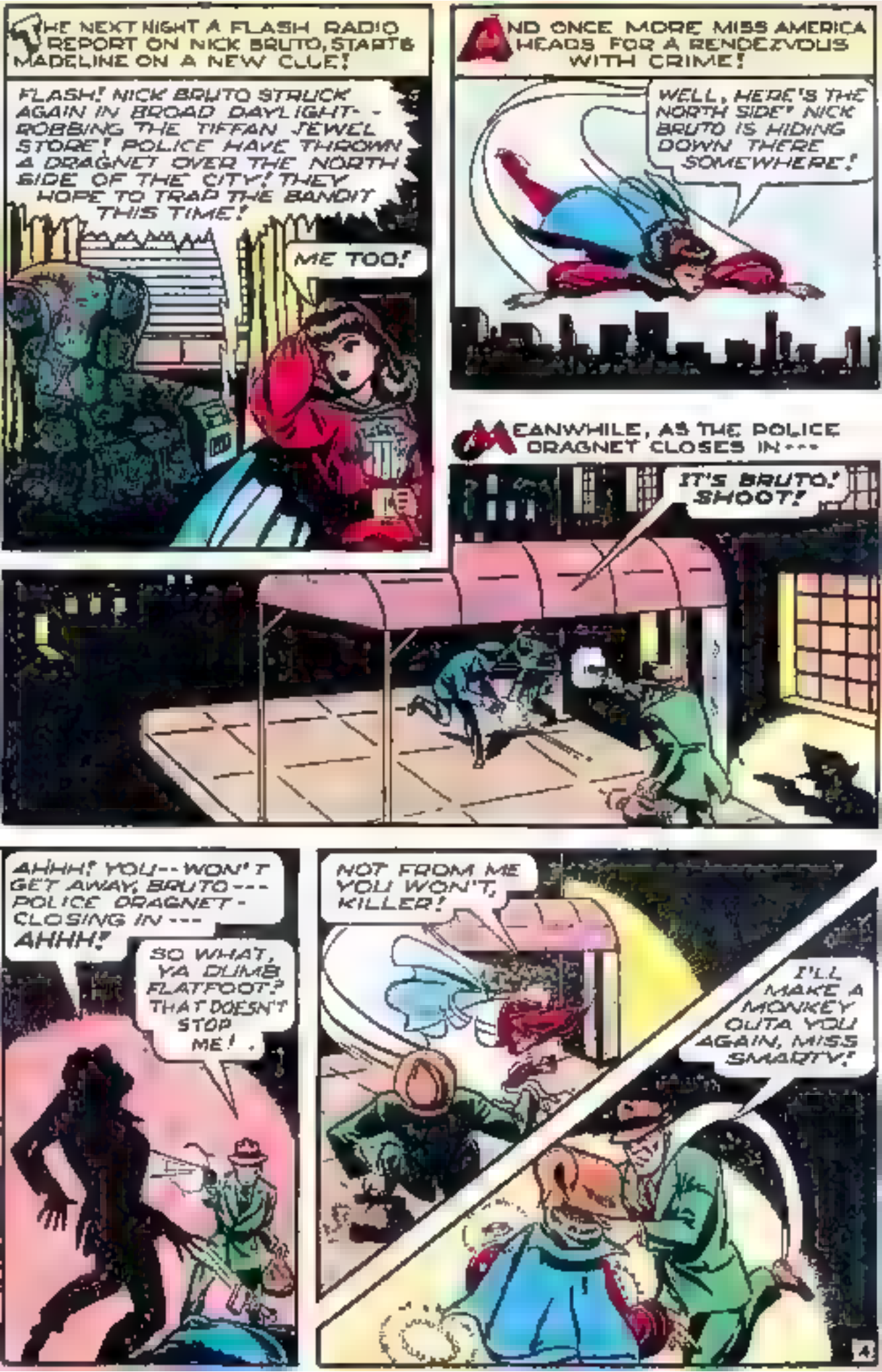

SNAP!
SNAP!
YEOW
THE END OF YOU AND YOUR FENCISH JAP BRAINCHILD!
QUICK! I MUST SAVE THE TASK FORCE BEFORE THAT FLAME-BOMB REACHES IT!
WITH FEARLESS SPEED, SUB-MARINER PULLS MEI-TOY WITH HIM--INTO THE TORPEDO TUBE!
HOLD YOUR BREATH -- WE'RE GOING OUT!
I-I TRY!
MEANWHILE THE FLAME-BOMB WHIRLS FASTER AND FASTER TOWARD ITS AMERICAN OBJECTIVE!
I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU NOW, MEI-TOY! BUT I'LL BE BACK!
I--I CAN KEEP AFLOAT UNTIL YOU RETURN--AND GOOD LUCK

AGONIZED BY THE SEARING HEAT SUB MARINER EXERTS HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH TO TURN THE FLAME BOMB TOWARD THE JAPANESE SUB!
THE HEAT-- TERRIFIC!
THE JAP SUB IS DESTROYED BY ITS OWN FLAME-BOMB!
LATER ON A BATTLESHIP OF THE U.S. TASK FORCE.
WE MUST RADIO MEHTON'S FATHER THAT SHE'S SAFE-- AND SHE HAS YOU TO THANK FOR THAT, MAMOR!
NO. SAVED NOT ONLY MEHTON, BUT THE WHOLE TASK FORCE ALL OF US!
IT'S ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO GET RID OF SOME JAPS! AND THE MAMU-FOUNTAINS ARE SOAK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!
THE END

Miss AMERICA
IN SWIFT MOVING ACTION, CROWDED WITH PERIL, FOLLOW MISS AMERICA AS SHE SOLVES THE--- "TRIPLE MYSTERIES!"
TRIPLE NEWS ITEMS CATCH MADELINE JOYCE'S EYE--
DAILY BLAH
NICK BRUTO ESCAPES DRAGNET!
SCIENTIST MISSING!
ENEMY BOMBER REPORTED OVER CITY!
HMM! THREE NEW MYSTERIES FOR THE POLICE TO SOLVE!
WITH THE PAPER TUCKED UNDER HER ARM, MADELINE WALKS DOWN THE STREET! SUDDENLY - A CAR STOPS AND---
MY DEAR--CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT?
WHY--- THANK YOU!


SHARE THE RIDE, YOU KNOW!
OH! WHAT A LOVELY NECKLACE! AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF THIEVES?
BUT--AS THE CAR STOPS FOR A RED LIGHT, A FIGURE LEAPS TOWARD THE RUNNING BOARD---
NO .. AT LEAST NOT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!
NICK BRUTO DARES--AND DOES!
NOT A MOVE! I'LL TAKE THAT NECKLACE!
OHHHH!
WHA--?
STOP, THIEF! STOP!
THAT'S NICK BRUTO!
UNNOTICED IN THE EXCITEMENT, MADELINE MAKES A QUICK CHANGE TO MISS AMERICA
BRUTO! HERE'S WHERE MISS AMERICA GOES INTO ACTION!
MISS AMERICA RACES IN PURSUIT, FAR AHEAD OF THE POLICE!
HE WON'T GET FAR!
BRUTO RACES DOWN AN ALLEY AS MISS AMERICA ZOOMS DOWN AND---
YOU HAVE A DATE WITH JUSTICE .. MISTER BRUTO!
MISS AMERICA! LIGHT!

OH YEAH? HERE'S DUST IN YOUR EYES!
OHHH! CAN'T SEE--!
GOT THE DUST OUT! THERE HE GOES TOWARD THAT HOUSE!
--IF HE THINKS HE CAN HIDE IN THAT HOUSE--!
WHAT--? NO HOUSE? I COULD SWEAR I SAW ONE HERE--!
VANISHED... I FEEL LIKE AN AWFUL SAP....
HE GOT AWAY MISS AMERICA!
BUT--- IT'S LIKE MAGIC! DOES THE EARTH SWALLOW HIM UP? OR WHAT?
LATER, MISS AMERICA, NOW AS MADELINE, READS THE EVENING NEWS IN HER ROOM---
A PLANE WITHOUT WINGS--THAT'S SILLY! SOMEBODY'S CRAZY! BUT THOSE OTHER TWO MYSTERIES ARE REAL! THE MISSING SCIENTIST AND BRUTO'S TRICKY ESCAPE! GUESS I'LL SLEEP ON IT!
NICK BRUTO ESCAPES MISS AMERICA! SCIENTIST MISSING
PLANE WITHOUT WINGS!


THE NEXT NIGHT A FLASH RADIO REPORT ON NICK BRUTO, STARTS MADELINE ON A NEW CLUE!
FLASH! NICK BRUTO STRUCK AGAIN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT-- ROBBING THE TIFFAN JEWEL STORE! POLICE HAVE THROWN A DRAGNET OVER THE NORTH SIDE OF THE CITY! THEY HOPE TO TRAP THE BANDIT THIS TIME!
ME TOO!
AND ONCE MORE MISS AMERICA HEADS FOR A RENDEZVOUS WITH CRIME!
WELL, HERE'S THE NORTH SIDE! NICK BRUTO IS HIDING DOWN THERE SOMEWHERE!
MEANWHILE, AS THE POLICE DRAGNET CLOSES IN---
IT'S BRUTO! SHOOT!
AHHH! YOU--WON'T GET AWAY, BRUTO--- POLICE DRAGNET - CLOSING IN--- AHHH!
SO WHAT, YA DUMB FLATFOOT? THAT DOESN'T STOP ME!
NOT FROM ME YOU WON'T, KILLER!
I'LL MAKE A MONKEY OUTA YOU AGAIN, MISS SMARTY!
4

FLINGING OFF THE BAG, MISS AMERICA GIVES CHASE! BUT-- NICK BRUTO HAS VAN SHED AGAIN!

GUESS YOU MEN BETTER TAKE OVER! HE'S DISAPPEARED AGAIN!

WE'LL COMB THE NEIGHBORHOOD! HE CAN'T HIDE FOREVER!

LATER--THE EXTRA THAT COMES OUT, HOLDS ANOTHER CLUE FOR MISS AMERICA!

EVENING BLAB

EXTRA

NICK BRUTO--STILL AT LARGE!

MYSTERY OF DR. PAINE--

WHAT?

"DR. PAINE'S HOUSE IS GONE TOO." WHAT DO THEY MEAN -- DID IT BURN DOWN? I WONDER IF THIS CONNECTS UP WITH BRUTO---

OFFICER! DID DR. PAINE'S HOUSE BURN DOWN?

NO M'AM! IT JUST-UH-- WAS GONE OVER-NIGHT! SOUNDS CRAZY, DOESN'T IT?

THEN--THE CLUES BEGIN TO CLICK INTO PLACE FOR MISS AMERICA!

IF WHAT I SUSPECT IS RIGHT--I'LL GO BACK TO WHERE BRUTO WAS LAST SEEN!

MISS AMERICA RINGS A DOORBELL--

TELL ME, SIR--HOW MANY HOUSES ARE THERE ON THIS STREET?

WHY, ELEVEN, MISS! COUNT THEM!

SS AMERICA STARTS COUNTING OFF THE HOUSES---
NINE-TEN--ELEVEN--TWELVE!
--AND MAKES AN INQUIRY AT THE ELEVENTH HOUSE---
ARE YOU THE LAST HOUSE ON THIS STREET?
YES! THERE'S NO HOUSE PAST MINE!
I THINK YOU'RE WRONG!
WHY--!! THERE IS ANOTHER HOUSE! IT WASN'T HERE YESTERDAY!
THIS NUMBER DOESN'T FIT EITHER! WAIT! DOOR'S UN-LOCKED!
BUT AS M SS AMER CA ENTERS THE TWELFTH HOUSE---
BRUTO! UGH!
YES! HA! HA!
A FEW MINUTES LATER----
OHHH--MY HEAD--SPINNING AND HUMMING! WHAT A BLOW!
HUMM
M-M-M-M
I'LL INFORM THE POLICE!
EEEK!!
IT'S A-A-FLYING HOUSE!

AT THAT MOMENT--IN ANOTHER ROOM---
I KNEW THAT DUMB DAME WOULD STEP OUT AN' BREAK HER NECK! AND--I DON'T NEED YOU ANYMORE, DR. PAINE!
BUT MISS AMERICA RECOVERS BEFORE MUCH OF A DROP, AND USES HER FLYING POWERS TO CATCH THE FALLING SCIENTIST!
MISS AMERICA!
AND YOU'RE DR. PAINE, THE MISSING SCIENTIST!
HAH! WITH THIS FLYING HOUSE, I CAN LAND ANYWHERE--PULL ANY JOB--AND SLIP OUT OF ANY COP DRAGNET!
MISS AMERICA! HOW--?
I CAN FLY TOO!
HOW DID IT ALL HAPPEN, DR. PAINE?
I HAD JUST FINISHED PERFECTING THIS FLYING HOUSE THREE DAYS AGO!
IT'S ABILITY TO FLY IS BASED ON MY NEW ANTI-GRAVITY PRINCIPLE! THEN NICK BRUTO DASHED IN AND FORCED ME AT GUN POINT TO FLY HIM AWAY! HE KEPT ME PRISONER AND LEARNED TO FLY THE HOUSE HIMSELF!
THAT'S HOW HE GOT AWAY EACH TIME!
AND SO, THREE BAFFLING MYSTERIES ARE SOLVED AT ONE MASTER STROKE!
DAILY BLAH
MISS AMERICA NABS NICK BRUTO! DR. PAINE SAFE! MYSTERY SHIP REVEALED AS FLYING HOUSE!
THE END

COWBOY

"YOU WANT me to tell you what you are?" Major Donavan leaned across his desk toward Charlie. "I'll tell you. You're—"

"I know, I know," Charlie interrupted with a wave of his hand. He chuckled openly. "I'm reckless. I'm—"

"You're a cowboy! And don't interrupt me when I'm speaking. I—"

"Wait a minute," Charlie butted in calmly. "You don't have to tell me what I am. You've told me often enough in the past. You cuss around and when it's all over . . . what happens? Nothing. You just get yourself into a lather and then forget all about it. Why? Because you know good and well I can handle that convoy. Did I ever have an accident?"

"You—why, just last week—"

"Did I ever have an accident?"

Major Donavan leaned back, puffing out his cheeks. "I give up," he muttered, mopping a moist brow. "I'm outclassed. I know it. I give up. BUT—" He leaned forward slowly, fixing Charlie with wrathful blue eyes. "You," he said slowly, "are through. Grounded! Do you understand?"

For a moment there was silence in the sunny office overlooking the big storage field. Charlie uncoiled his short legs, got up with a grin. "Okay. I'm grounded. I'm not to go near the trucks ever again, or you'll blow your top again. And there isn't anything left for me to do. Why not give me my walking papers and be done with it?"

"You're going to stay right here," the Major growled. "Now get out. Get out of my sight—No; wait a minute. You can do the dispatching. Now get out and . . . don't come back."

* * * *

CHARLIE sauntered through the field. The sound of motors came to him on the cool wind. Bill Whitely stepped from behind a prime mover, his freckled face serious, worried. "Hi, Charlie," Bill greeted. "What'd the boss have to say *this* time?"

"Plenty. I'm grounded. You guys will have Rollo as your leader. He's the Major's pet—"

Rollo came from behind a nearby cargo. His round, pleasantly ruddy face wore an expression of displeasure.

"What're you standing there for?" Charlie demanded. "Don't you know what to do by this time? And if you feel like spilling your guts to your guardian angel, go ahead." Charlie laughed. "Why, you jerk! If he puts you in charge of the convoy, nothing'll get through on time."

Rollo lifted an indignant gaze. "It's all your fault. I told you to go slower. You wouldn't listen. Why, it's a wonder you haven't killed everyone on the detail long ago! If the Major puts *me* in charge of the convoy these pug-heads will have to drive more sanely than they have in the past . . . or they'll be grounded, too!"

* * * * *

WRITING out trip tickets and dispatches was a whole lot different than driving a truck in a convoy headed for an embarkation port. It was an easy job—too easy, Charlie realized, pushing the dispatch pad and pen aside. His eyes strayed out the window as the convoy rolled past, up the grade.

The drivers were raising the roof. And Charlie knew there would be some fun on the detail from now on. He and the crowd had taken the stuff through in jig-time. In fact they had squeezed an extra convoy in—sometimes two.

Now there would be trouble. The fellows would roll the stuff alright, but they wouldn't break any records doing it, and perhaps there'd be more than one "accident" on the road. . . .

Unwillingly Charlie shook his head. He knew the men he'd had working for him, a pretty swell bunch of guys, and it was good to know they were back of him. But he didn't want them holding up the works. The stuff had to go through.

It didn't go through on time any more. "He's afraid to drive," Bill Whitely confided three days later. "Scared to use the over-drive."

Charlie had to chuckle. "He'll get away with it, though."

Bill nodded. "The Major checked on us a couple of times. But somehow he didn't look too pleased," Bill hesitated, said softly. "And if something should happen . . . accidentally . . ."

"Hey! Nix on that stuff. Those trucks are needed overseas. You guys don't pull any funny stuff!"

"We got stopped the other day," Bill admitted. "By the M. P.'s. And after we got started again fifteen times an hour all the way in. We were two hours late getting back that night. And tomorrow . . ." Bill hesitated. "We've got to roll a hundred and sixty, ton-and-a-half cargoes to Port Christian—"

"I know all about it," Charlie groaned. "You won't get half of them there. And the Major will really blow his top."

* * * * *

NEXT morning Charlie watched the slow processional up the grade. Rollo had been given additional drivers. He had forty in all, just twice as many as he'd handled normally.

By five that evening they'd made two trips, covering eighty trucks. At that rate Charlie knew, it would take them all night and part of the next day to deliver the stuff.

Charlie came back from supper to find the Major sitting on the edge of a chair, his face a little grim and plenty worried.

"Convoy hasn't pulled into Christian yet," he admitted without preliminaries. "Think they're stuck along the road?"

"They've been stuck ever since Rollo took over," Charlie answered. "You wanted that jerk to run the convoys. That stuff's supposed to be ready for loading in the morning!"

"Get a trip ticket on my car," the Major ordered. "We'll check!"

"Who's driving?"

Major Donavan's face flushed. "You are," he growled.

The convoy wasn't stuck but it was barely moving. It was ten miles from the port when Charlie and Major Donavan overtook it. Signaling them over to the side of the road, the Major walked back to the lead truck.

"Something break down?" he asked Rollo, who had come down out of the cab uneasily. "If not—"

"There aren't any break-downs with me in charge," Rollo said bravely. "Look, sir—"

"Look, sir, nothing," the Major snapped. "You've got a hundred and fifty of these jobs to move. How fast have you been traveling?"

"Ah... about twenty-five, sir."

"Well," the Major said succinctly. "Charlie—"

Charlie waved down the line, swung into the cab of the lead-off truck with a grin. "You take Rollo back to the depot with you," Charlie called down, "so I don't have to worry about scaring anyone—"

"Rollo goes back alone," the Major snapped. "I'm riding with you Indians!"

* * * * *

IT WAS late and getting dark. Charlie got the lead-off rolling slowly, swung out to the running-board to look back. The blare of horns assured him, and with a chuckle he swung back again, slammed the door, shoved the cargo into second. They rolled over the brow of a hill, started down the incline beyond.

"Don't look at the speedometer," Charlie yelled. "Just forget about that... if you want this stuff through on time!

By the bottom of grade the line was rolling fast. The road leveled off, circled gently. The Major leaned out.

"Plenty of dust," he yelled. "Those boys—"

"Can take it!" Charlie laughed.

The road crossed a wooden bridge, thundering with the weight of the cargoes. Again up hill and Charlie shifted, looked back once more. Dust was swirling up in a yellow cloud, but the line was unbroken. Down hill again, and before them was the highway. Three miles further they came to the port.

While the trucks checked in, Charlie took the wheel of one shuttle. It was tough going and his body was tired after his lay-off.

The third convoy rolled at ten o'clock and by eleven-thirty they had checked in and were on the way back. "Ought to stop for coffee," the Major protested once. "Did they have supper?"

"They will after the last trip!"

* * * * *

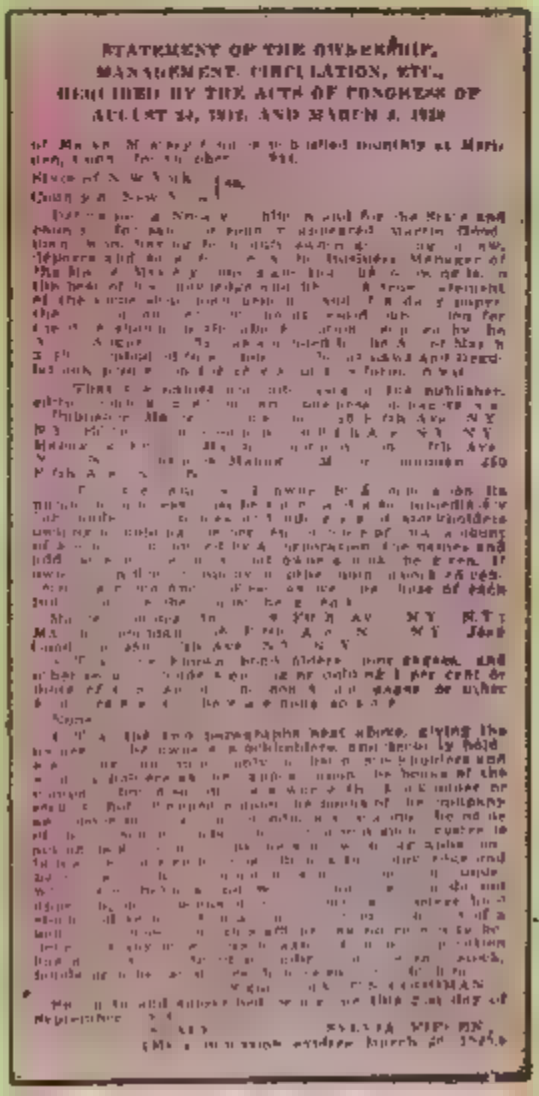
IT WAS the last trip then. It was also midnight and the going was made more intense by the ache running through Charlie's body. He had to admit the Major could take it, although his face was lined and beaded with sweat, covered with dust. By one a.m. they'd rolled the last convoy into the port, were headed back to the depot.

"Thank God!" the Major muttered hoarsely. "You've got to be crazy to ride like that... and get away with it!"

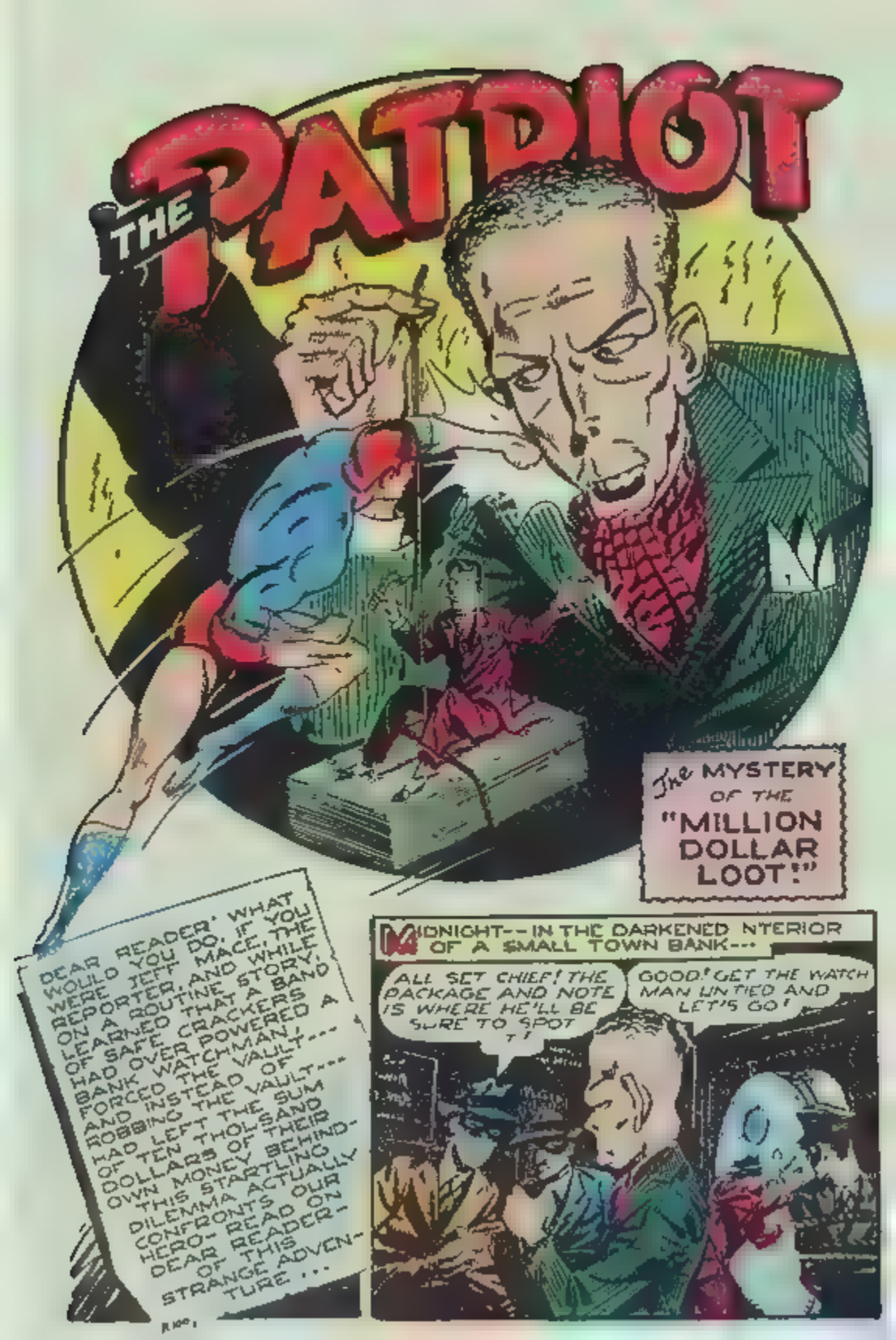
Charlie chuckled. "Thanks for the compliment, boss. But you asked for it." He hesitated, then asked, "You still didn't tell me when I ever had an accident?"

"I'm not going to," the Major answered. "But if you ever do... I'll have you strung up by the ears. I hope!"

THE END

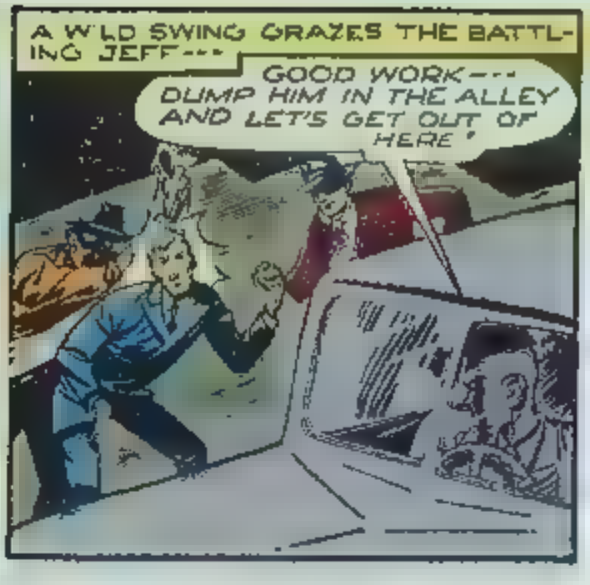


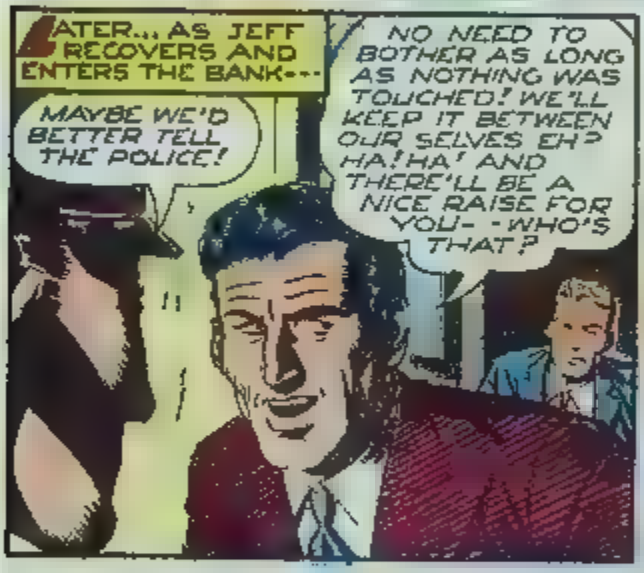
STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933


THE PATRIOT
The MYSTERY OF THE "MILLION DOLLAR LOOT!"
DEAR READER, WHAT WOULD YOU DO, IF YOU WERE JEFF MACE, THE REPORTER, AND WHILE ON A ROUTINE STORY, LEARNED THAT A BAND OF SAFE CRACKERS HAD OVER POWERED A BANK WATCHMAN, FORCED THE VAULT--- AND INSTEAD OF ROBBING THE VAULT--- HAD LEFT THE SUM OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS OF THEIR OWN MONEY BEHIND- THIS STARTLING DILEMMA ACTUALLY CONFRONTS OUR HERO- READ ON DEAR READER- OF THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE ...
MIDNIGHT--IN THE DARKENED INTERIOR OF A SMALL TOWN BANK---
ALL SET CHIEF! THE PACKAGE AND NOTE IS WHERE HE'LL BE SURE TO SPOT IT!
GOOD! GET THE WATCH MAN UNTIED AND LET'S GO!

MINUTES LATER AT THE BANKERS HOUSE...
THE REASON I DIDN'T CALL THE POLICE, MR. GRODY IS THAT THEY AIN'T TOUCHED NARY A CENT OF THE MONEY!
WHAT!?! YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THEY FORCED THE SAFE AND DIDN'T ROB IT ????
YEP--- I WEREN'T DREAMIN' NEITHER! THEY JUST OPENED THE VAULT--- WENT IN-- CAME OUT EMPTY HANDED, THEN SHET IT AGAIN!
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
GLARD
THE PUZZELED BANKER'S PRACTICED EYE SOON REALIZES THAT NOT A CENT OF THE BANKS MONEY HAS BEEN MOLESTED .....
A PACKAGE! MUST HAVE BEEN LEFT BY THE LOOTERS!
I NEVER WAS INTERESTED IN CHICKEN FEED, YOUR IMPOVERISHED BANK APPARENTLY NEEDS THIS TEN GRAND MORE THAN I... YOU ARE WELCOME TO IT.. THE CRACKSMAN
BUT LET US GO BACK A FEW MINUTES TO THE TIME OF THE BANDITS DEPARTURE FROM THE BANK
THOSE CHARACTERS! COMING OUT OF THE BANK AT THIS HOUR.... LOOKS LIKE ..
SO YOU WANT TO KNOW OUR BUSINESS IN THE BANK AT THIS HOUR EH? THIS WILL TELL YOU
OUCH!
YOU SHOULDN'T TELEGRAPH YOUR INTENTIONS!
2

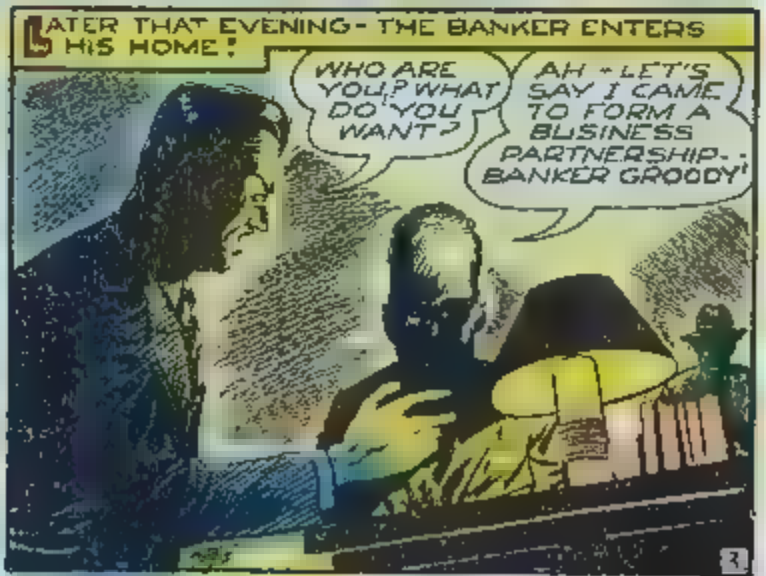
GET HIM BEFORE HE ATTRACTS THE POLICE, I'LL GET THE CAR STARTED---

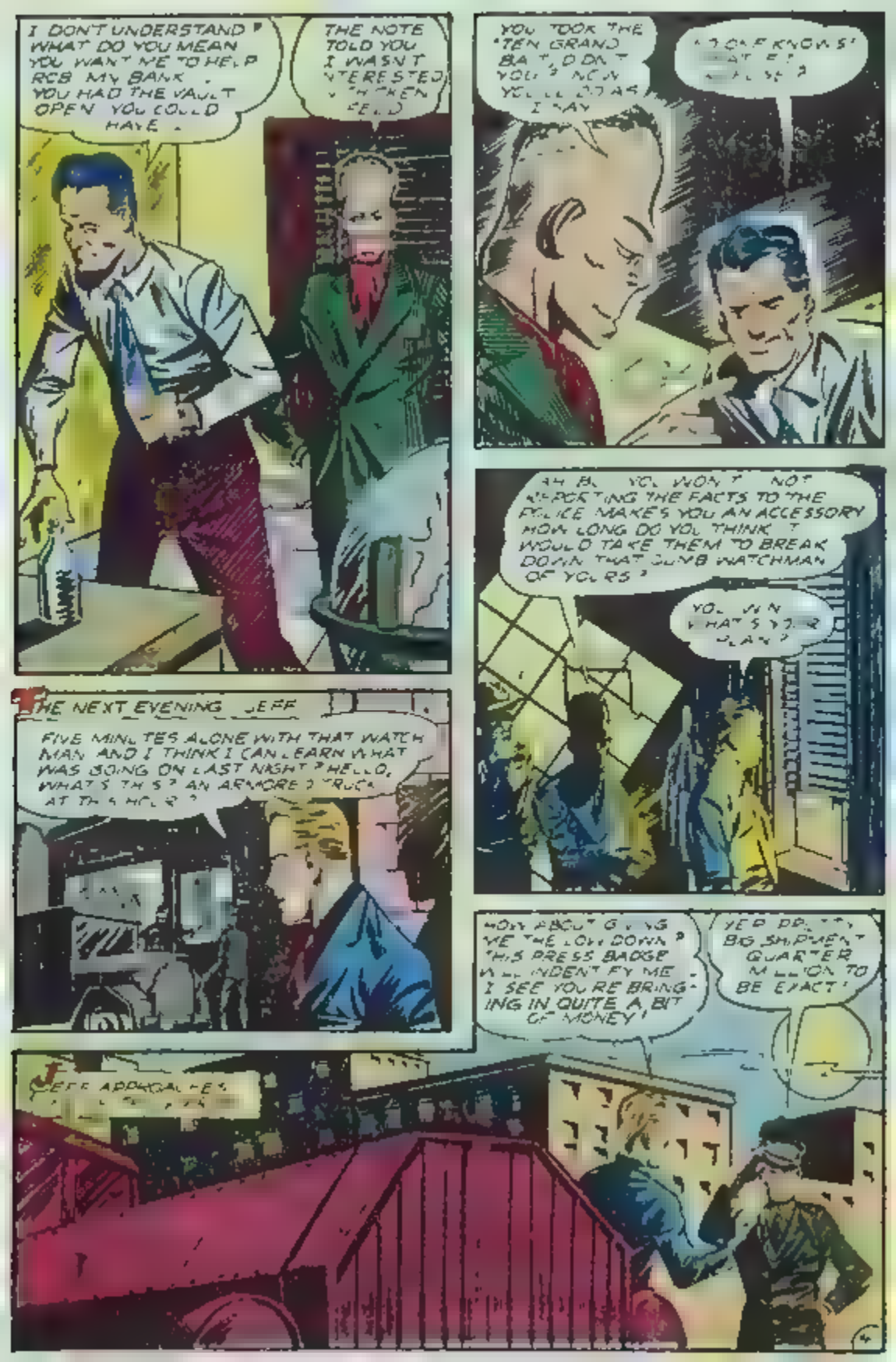

A WILD SWING GRAZES THE BATTLING JEFF---
GOOD WORK--- DUMP HIM IN THE ALLEY AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!


LATER... AS JEFF RECOVERS AND ENTERS THE BANK---
MAYBE WE'D BETTER TELL THE POLICE!
NO NEED TO BOTHER AS LONG AS NOTHING WAS TOUCHED! WE'LL KEEP IT BETWEEN OUR SELVES EH? HA! HA! AND THERE'LL BE A NICE RAISE FOR YOU- -WHO'S THAT?

I'M JEFF MACE, FROM THE DAILY STAR- HOW MUCH DID THE BANDITS GET AWAY WITH?
BANDITS? HA! HA! WHAT EVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA? I HAD TO STAY LATE TO LOOK OVER SOME ACCOUNTS!

HMM! NO BANDITS EH? WONDER WHO HE'S TRYING TO COVER UP?


LATER THAT EVENING- THE BANKER ENTERS HIS HOME!
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
AH - LET'S SAY I CAME TO FORM A BUSINESS PARTNERSHIP.. BANKER GROODY!

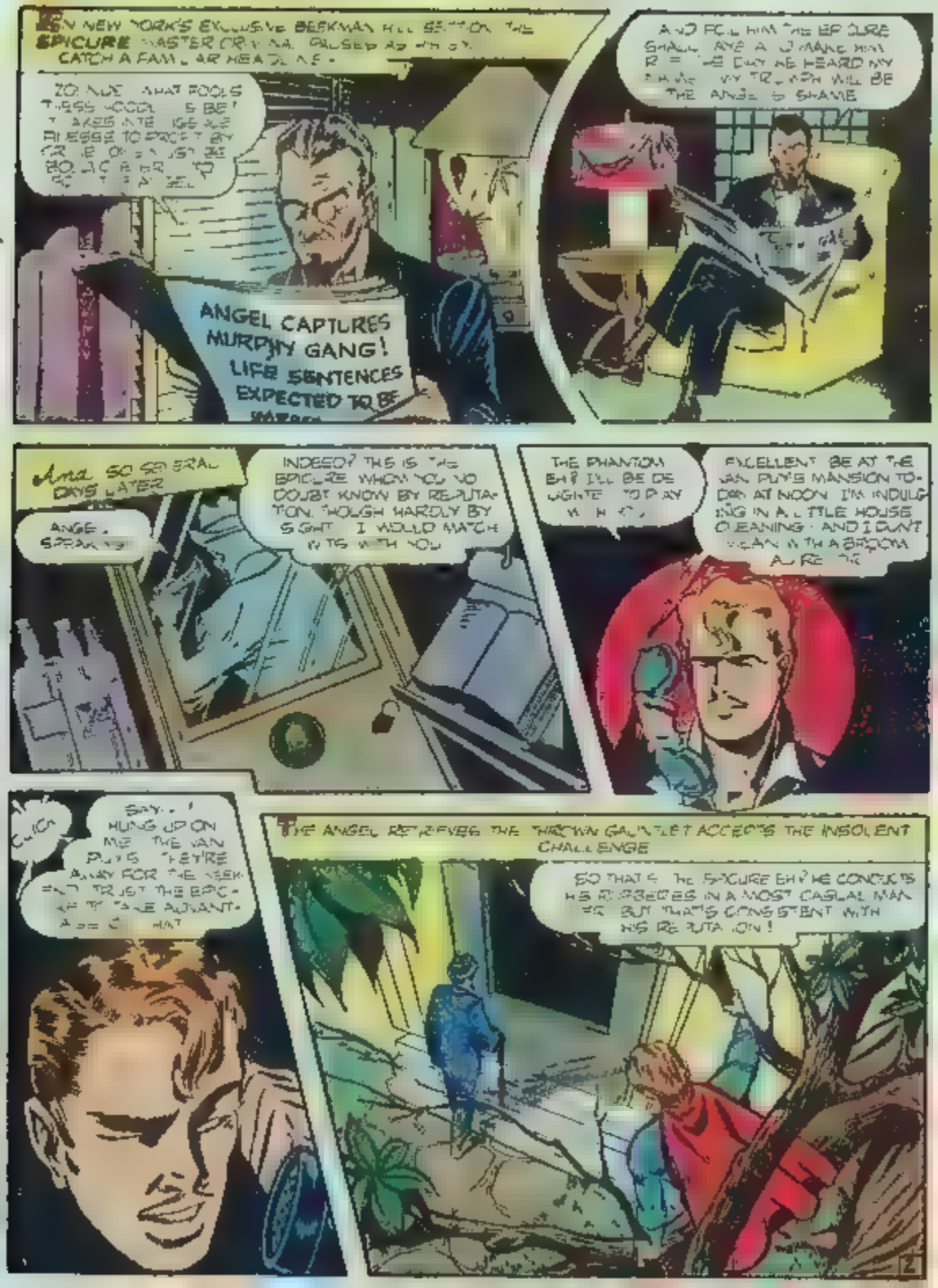

I DON'T UNDERSTAND ? WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO HELP ROB MY BANK . YOU HAD THE VAULT OPEN YOU COULD HAVE .
THE NOTE TOLD YOU I WASN'T INTERESTED . THEN FELD
YOU TOOK THE TEN GRAND BA T, D DN T YOU ? NOW YOU'LL DO AS I SAY
ONE KNOWS' EAT E ? L S ?
AH B YOU WON T NOT REPORTING THE FACTS TO THE POLICE MAKES YOU AN ACCESSORY HOW LONG DO YOU THINK T WOULD TAKE THEM TO BREAK DOWN THAT DUMB WATCHMAN OF YOURS ?
YO N HAT S Y R LAN ?
THE NEXT EVENING JEFF
FIVE MINUTES ALONE WITH THAT WATCH MAN AND I THINK I CAN LEARN WHAT WAS GOING ON LAST NIGHT ? HELLO, WHAT'S THIS ? AN ARMORED TRUCK AT THIS HOUR ?
NOW ABOUT G NG ME THE LOW DOWN ? THIS PRESS BADGE N DENT FY ME - I SEE YOU RE BRING ING IN QUITE A BIT OF MONEY !
YEP DR TY BIG SHIPMENT QUARTER M LLION TO BE EXACT !
JEFF APPROACHES

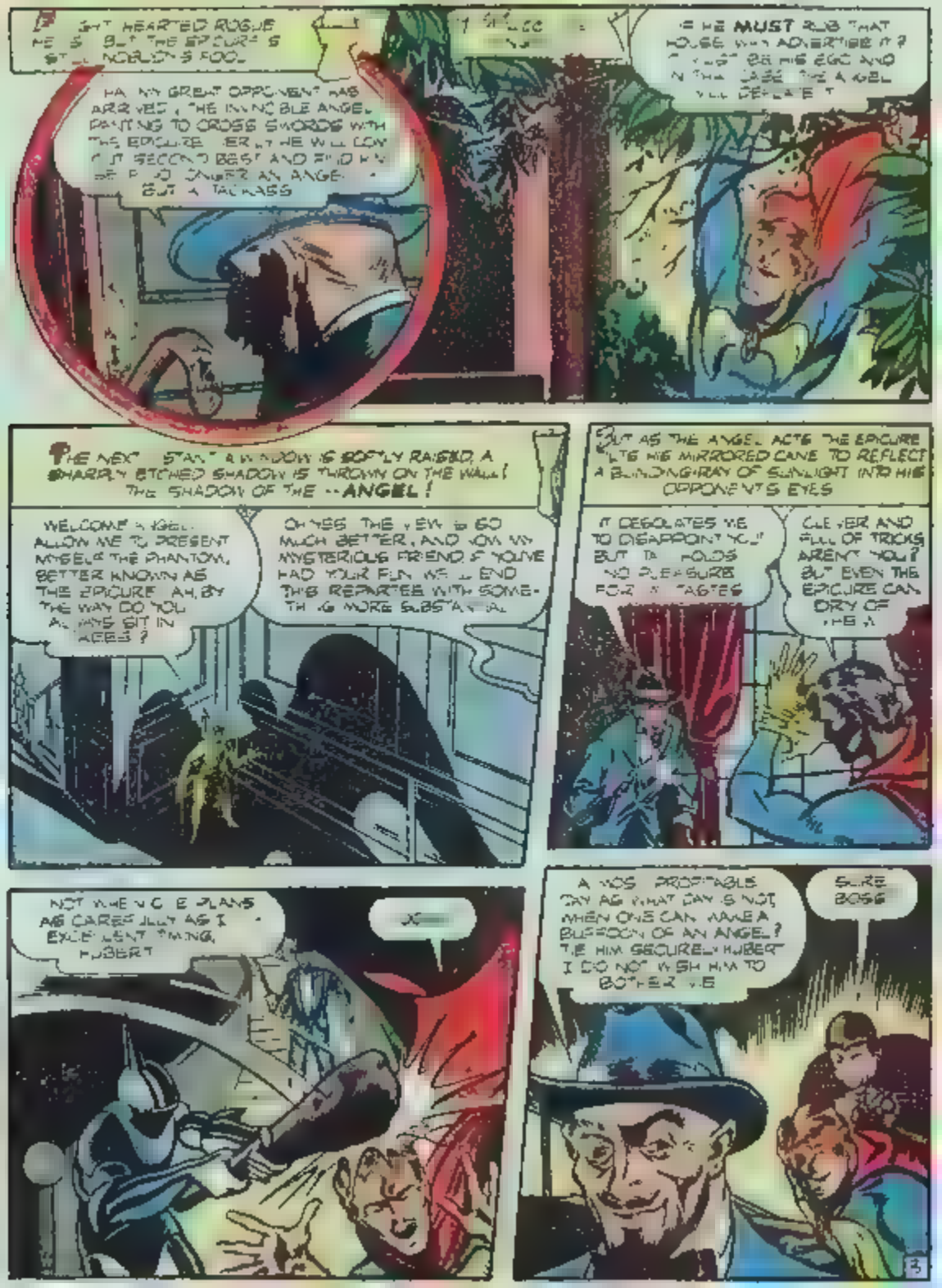
LATER AT BANKER GROODY'S HOME!
THE CALL CAME IN! THE MONEY IS IN THE VAULT!
EXCELLENT, GROODY! WE'LL WAIT ONE HOUR!
THEN WE CLEAN OUT THE VAULT, AND ON OUR WAY WITH A COOL QUARTER MILLION!
WHAT ABOUT MY HALF? YOU... YOU PROMISED!
FOOL! YOU ARE EVEN MORE STUPID THAN I THOUGHT, TO BELIEVE THAT PROMISE!
I QUITE AGREE WITH THAT, MR GREEDY BANKER.
THE PATRIOT!
AS THE PATRIOT PLUNGES FORWARD TO BATTLE, THE TERRIFIED BANKER REACHES FOR THE PHONE---
THIS'LL STOP YOU FROM CALLING FOR HELP!
INCENSED AT THE DISPLAY OF COLD BLOODED MURDER!
UGH--- STOP HIM!
WHY YOU SLIMEY KILLER!
5

THE PATRIOT GOES DOWN UNDER THE VICIOUS SPLINTERING IMPACT OF A HEAVY CHAIR.
OOWWW!
SOME MINUTES LATER...
OOHH! MY HEAD
AH, I SEE THAT YOU ARE WITH US ONCE AGAIN, PATRIOT! BUT NOT FOR LONG. HERE WE ARE, BOYS! TAKE HIM INTO THE BANK!
AGAIN THE BANDITS PAY THE MIDWOOD BANK A VISIT...BUT THIS TIME THEY LOOT THE BANK'S VAULT.
YOU COULDN'T PUT IT ANY PLAINER!
AS SOON AS MY BOYS ARE FINISHED, IN YOU GO! HA! HA! I THINK YOU CAN GUESS THE REST!
I'VE GOT TO WATCH FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE A BREAK... OR I MAY WIND UP PLAYING A HARP!
IN A FEW MINUTES YOU WILL BE PUT IN THAT VAULT, AND LONG BEFORE MORNING YOU WILL HAVE SUFFOCATED IN THERE!
THANKS FOR THE PLEASANT PROSPECT!

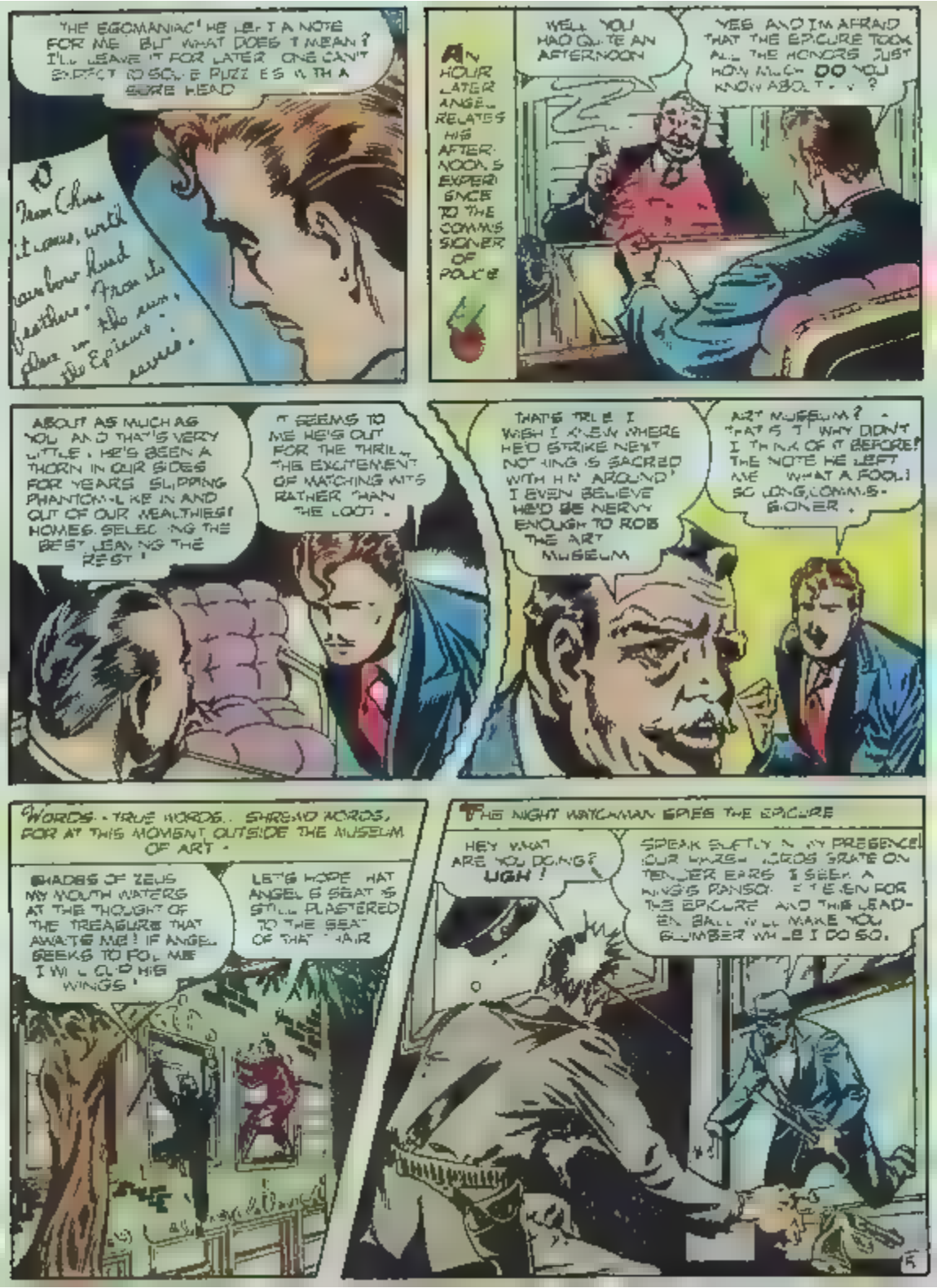
AT THAT MOMENT THE CRACKSMAN WALKS IN FRONT OF THE VAULT
THIS IS WHERE I PAY OFF....
CRACK
OHWWH
THE CRACKSMAN GOES FLYING INTO THE VAULT.
WHAT THE?
...AND TURN THE TABLES!
JUST A LITTLE MORE AND I'LL HAVE THIS DOOR SECURED!
PUSH! HE'S TRYING TO LOCK US IN!
THERE' JUST UNTIL THE POLICE ARR VE'
HELP! WE'LL DIE IN HERE! PATRIOT, I'LL GET YOU SOME DAY FOR THIS!
CLICK
NEXT DAY
HOW COME YOU'RE ALWAYS SCOOPING ME WITH THOSE PATRIOT STORIES, JEFF?
SHH- I'LL LET YOU IN ON A SECRET - SEE THAT COPY BOY. WELL HE'S THE PATRIOT!
THE END

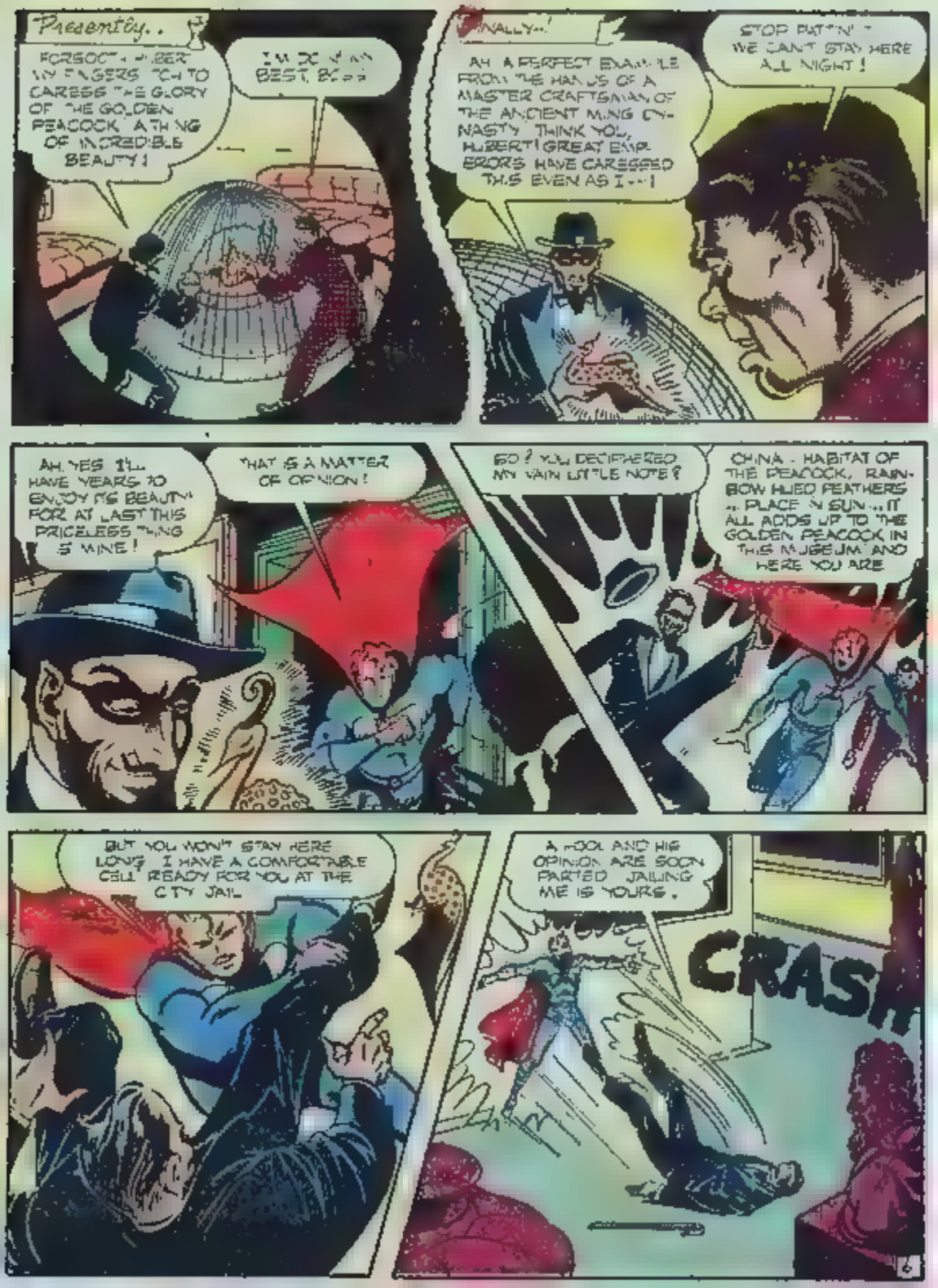
THE
ANGEL
BEWARE OF THE ANGEL!
THE [illegible] OF THE UNDERWORLD'S BOOK OF CRIME! BUT THE LESSON HOLDS NO TERROR FOR THE EPICURE, BOLD DASHING CLEVER MASTER MENTAL ON THE CONTRARY HE INVITES THE ANGEL TO WITNESS HIS CRIMES, THEN UNFOLDS A DAZZLING BAG OF TRICKS WHICH PUTS THE ANGEL ON HIS MettLE AND FORCES HIM TO PUT FORTH HIS MIGHTIEST EFFORT TO DEFEAT---
"The EPICURE OF CRIME"


IN NEW YORK'S EXCLUSIVE BEEKMAN HILL SECTION THE EPICURE MASTER CRIMINAL PAUSES AS HIS EYE CATCH A FAMILIAR HEADLINE
ANGEL CAPTURES MURPHY GANG! LIFE SENTENCES EXPECTED TO BE
AND FOR HIM THE EPICURE SHALL HAVE A WARNING I MAKE HERE AND NOW THAT NEVER SHALL MY TRAIL BE CROSSED BY THE ANGEL'S SHAME
ANOTHER SEVERAL DAYS LATER
ANGEL SPEAKING
INDEED? THIS IS THE EPICURE WHOM YOU NO DOUBT KNOW BY REPUTATION, THOUGH HARDLY BY SIGHT. I WOULD MATCH WITS WITH YOU
THE PHANTOM EH? I'LL BE DELIGHTED TO PLAY WITH YOU
EXCELLENT. BE AT THE VAN RUYS MANSION TODAY AT NOON. I'M INDULGING IN A LITTLE HOUSE CLEANING - AND I WANT SOMEONE WITH A BROOM AT HAND
CLICK
SAY! I HUNG UP ON ME. THE VAN RUYS ESTATE AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END. TRUST THE EPICURE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT
THE ANGEL RETRIEVES THE THROWN GAUNTLET ACCEPTS THE INSOLENT CHALLENGE
SO THAT'S THE EPICURE EH? HE CONDUCTS HIS ROBBERIES IN A MOST CASUAL MANNER. BUT THAT'S CONSISTENT WITH HIS REPUTATION!


...HT HEARTED ROGUE HE S ... BUT THE EPICURE S ST... NOBODY'S FOOL
HA... MY GREAT OPPONENT HAS ARRIVED ... THE INVINCIBLE ANGEL PAINTING TO CROSS SWORDS WITH THE EPICURE... ER ... HE WILL LOW ... T SECOND BEST AND FIND H... BE F... D DANGER AN ANGE... BUT A TALKASS
...E HE MUST RUB THAT HOUSE WILL ADVERTISE IT? ... BE HIS EGO AND ... THE ANGEL ... DEFEAT
THE NEXT ... START A SHADOW IS SOFTLY RAISED, A SHARPLY ETCHED SHADOW IS THROWN ON THE WALL! THE SHADOW OF THE --ANGEL!
WELCOME ANGEL ... ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MYSELF THE PHANTOM, BETTER KNOWN AS THE EPICURE ... AH, BY THE WAY DO YOU ... AYS SIT IN ... AGES?
OH YES ... THE VIEW IS SO MUCH BETTER, AND YOU MY MYSTERIOUS FRIEND ... YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN ... LET US END THIS REPARTEE WITH SOMETH... MORE SUBSTA...AL
BUT AS THE ANGEL ACTS THE EPICURE ...TS HIS MIRRORED CANE TO REFLECT A BLINDING RAY OF SUNLIGHT INTO HIS OPPONENT'S EYES
IT DESOLATES ME TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUT TA... FOLDS NO PLEASURE FOR ... AGES
CLEVER AND FULL OF TRICKS AREN'T YOU? BUT EVEN THE EPICURE CAN ... DRY OF THE ...
NOT WHEN YOU ... PLANS ARE CARE...LLY AS I ... EXCELLENT TIMING, HUBERT
...K
A MOST PROFITABLE DAY AS WHAT DAY'S NOT, WHEN ONE CAN MAKE A BUFFOON OF AN ANGEL? TIE HIM SECURELY HUBERT I DO NOT WISH HIM TO BOTHER ME
SURE BOSS
13

A SMALL SAFE IS OPENED REVEALING A GLITTERING TREASURE. THE EXPERT CAREFULLY SELECTS A PRICELESS PEARL NECKLACE AND RETURNS THE REST TO ORDINARY THIEF HE IS!
HEY YOU AIN'T TAKIN' THE OTHER STUFF? IT'S WORTH MONEY!
I CARE NOTHING FOR THAT. I'VE THE UNUSUAL ZEBEDEE HABIT AND THIS IS A JEWEL INDEED FIT FOR EVEN THE FINEST OF LADIES!
AND NOW TO DELIVER MY LAST MESSAGE FOR THAT FIEND ANGEL! RAH! I'LL SEND HIM A BOMB!
ONCE PRESENT IN HIS LUXURIOUS APARTMENT-
WE AIN'T KNOWIN' WHO OR WHERE HE IS. NOR WHO WANTED HIM DEAD OR ALIVE!
IN FAR-FLUNG PARTS OF THE WORLD HE'S BECOME KNOWN AS A SUCCESSFUL ADVENTURER AND SCIENTIST. I'M EXPECTING HIM MOMENTARILY! WE'LL HAVE TWO HOURS!
MEANWHILE HE ANGEL AWAKENS TO A TOTAL SITUATION-
I'M AFRAID MY LATEST ATTEMPT TO REGULARIZE MY HABITS HAS RESULTED IN NEATLY AND EFFECTIVELY PUTTING ME IN A MOST UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION. HOWEVER, ALL IS NOT LOST. I SHALL REST ON MY LAURELS!
AND CRASHING TO THE GROUND AGAINST A NEARBY ROCK, SOUND OF SPRAINED HOOD!
SMASHING BACK AND FORTH, ANGEL ROCKS THE HEAVY CHAIR TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE STAIR LANDING!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH DOC GOOD? HERE, LET ME DOOR! BREAK IN! IT'S AN EMERGENCY!
CRASH!


THE EGOMANIAC! HE LEFT A NOTE FOR ME BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN? I'LL LEAVE IT FOR LATER ONE CAN'T EXPECT TO SOLVE PUZZLES WITH A SORE HEAD
TO Jean Claude it comes, with rainbow hued feathers. From its place in the sun, the Epicure roused.
AN HOUR LATER ANGEL RELATES HIS AFTERNOON'S EXPERIENCE TO THE COMMISSIONER OF POLICE
WELL YOU HAD QUITE AN AFTERNOON
YES AND I'M AFRAID THAT THE EPICURE TOOK ALL THE HONORS JUST HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT . . . ?
ABOUT AS MUCH AS YOU AND THAT'S VERY LITTLE. HE'S BEEN A THORN IN OUR SIDES FOR YEARS SLIPPING PHANTOM-LIKE IN AND OUT OF OUR WEALTHIEST HOMES. SELECTING THE BEST LEAVING THE REST!
IT SEEMS TO ME HE'S OUT FOR THE THRILL THE EXCITEMENT OF MATCHING WITS RATHER THAN THE LOOT.
THAT'S TRUE I WISH I KNEW WHERE HE'D STRIKE NEXT NOTHING IS SACRED WITH HIM AROUND I EVEN BELIEVE HE'D BE NERVY ENOUGH TO ROB THE ART MUSEUM
ART MUSEUM? THAT'S IT WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE! THE NOTE HE LEFT ME WHAT A FOOL! SO LONG, COMMISSIONER.
WORDS - TRUE WORDS.. SHREWD WORDS, FOR AT THIS MOMENT OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM OF ART -
SHADES OF ZEUS MY MOUTH WATERS AT THE THOUGHT OF THE TREASURE THAT AWAITS ME! IF ANGEL SEEKS TO FOIL ME I WILL CLIP HIS WINGS!
LET'S HOPE THAT ANGEL'S SEAT IS STILL PLASTERED TO THE SEAT OF THAT HAIR
THE NIGHT WATCHMAN SPIES THE EPICURE
HEY WHAT ARE YOU DOING? UGH!
SPEAK SOFTLY IN MY PRESENCE! OUR WARM GROG SEARE ON TENDER EARS I SEEK A KING'S RANSOM EVEN FOR THE EPICURE AND THIS LEADEN BALL WILL MAKE YOU SLUMBER WHILE I DO SO.
5


Presently..
FORGOT... LIBER IN FINGERS TO CARESS THE GLORY OF THE GOLDEN PEACOCK... A THING OF INCREDIBLE BEAUTY!
I'M SO GLAD BEST, BOSS
FINALLY...
AH... A PERFECT EXAMPLE FROM THE HANDS OF A MASTER CRAFTSMAN OF THE ANCIENT MING DYNASTY... THINK YOU, HUBERT! GREAT EMPERORS HAVE CARESSED THIS EVEN AS I...!
STOP PATTIN' ! WE CAN'T STAY HERE ALL NIGHT!
AH, YES IT... HAVE YEARS TO ENJOY ITS BEAUTY! FOR AT LAST THIS PRICELESS THING IS MINE!
THAT IS A MATTER OF OPINION!
SO? YOU DECIPHERED MY VAIN LITTLE NOTE?
CHINA - HABITAT OF THE PEACOCK, RAINBOW HUED FEATHERS ... PLACE IN SUN ... IT ALL ADDS UP TO THE GOLDEN PEACOCK IN THIS MUSEUM AND HERE YOU ARE
BUT YOU WON'T STAY HERE LONG! I HAVE A COMFORTABLE CELL READY FOR YOU AT THE CITY JAIL.
A FOOL AND HIS OPINION ARE SOON PARTED... JAILING ME IS YOURS.
CRASH
6

HUBERT TAKES ADVANTAGE OF ANGEL'S MOMENTARY DIZZINESS--!
HERE'S MY CONTRIBUTION!
BRAVO, HUBERT! I DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD IT IN YOU!
BUT ANGEL REGAINS HIS FEET--- !
AU REVOIR, ANGEL! MY BUSINESS HERE IS FINISHED !
YOU'RE HIGHLY MISTAKEN, MY FRIEND! IT'S JUST STARTING!
GONE! AND PROBABLY RIGHT OUT THAT WINDOW!
THERE'S HIS CANE! HE MUST HAVE JUMPED! OR DOES HE WANT ME TO THINK THAT? WHEN EVIDENCE CONCERNING THE EPICURE POINTS ONE WAY, IT'S WISE TO GO THE OTHER!
BUT ANGEL HAS OTHER IDEAS!
FOLLOWING HIS HUNCH, ANGEL CLIMBS THE SHEER WALL OF THE MUSEUM TO THE ROOF!
I'VE GOT YOU!
IT WOULD SEEM THAT WAY IF I WASN'T PREPARED! BUT I AM! SCUTTLE HIM, MY KNAVES! I WISH TO DEPART WITH THE TREASURE!
IF YOU INSIST ON DEPARTING, TAKE THIS WITH YOU!
OWWW!
7

THE ANGEL---
THIS SHOULD ALTER YOUR FACIAL EXPRESSION!
---MAKES SHORT WORK---
I'M CLEANING UP FAST TONIGHT! I STILL HAVE TO CATCH YOUR BOSS!
---OF THE THUGS!
I'VE RECOVERED YOU, ANYWAY! NOW FOR THE EPICURE! THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM, HE WAS DOING A SWAN DIVE OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROOF!
HE MUST HAVE FALLEN ON THE FIRE-ESCAPE AND FLED! IN SPITE OF HIS BEING A CRIMINAL, I'M GLAD IT SAVED HIM FROM DEATH! AU REVOIR, EPICURE! I THINK WE'LL MEET AGAIN!
AND IN HIS LUXURIOUS APARTMENT---
ZOUNDS! FOILED BY THE ANGEL! A MOST FORMIDABLE OPPONENT! A SKILLED DETECTIVE AND A MAGNIFICENT FIGHTER! WORTHY TO MATCH HIS SKILL WITH THE EPICURE! BUT WE WILL MEET AGAIN, MY FRIEND!
YES! THE ANGEL AND HIS NEWEST OPPONENT, THE SWAGGERING, SWASHBUCKLING, EPICURE, WILL MEET AGAIN! BUT WHO WILL WIN THE BATTLE OF WITS, SNATCH THE SPOILS? THE ANGEL? THE EPICURE?
THE END

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Many Radio Technicians Make $30, $40, $50 a Week

Radio has grown fast. Over 28,000,000 homes have Radios. Over 1,000 broadcasting stations in the U. S. A. Millions of Radios are in use in autos, stores, restaurants, banks, etc. Over 50 million Radio tubes are sold yearly. Over 5,000 Radio jobs every month. Many Radio technicians make $30, $40, $50 a week. Many Radio operators get $1,200 to $5,000 a year. Many Radio jobs pay extra for overtime and night work. Many Radio men have their own businesses. Many Radio men travel and see the world.

Why Many Radio Technicians Make $30, $40, $50 a Week

Radio broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, announcers, station managers. Radio manufacturers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, service men. Radio retail and service organizations employ salesmen, managers, service men. Radio jobbers employ salesmen, managers, shipping clerks. Radio offers many splendid opportunities for good men to get into well-paying jobs. Radio is a young industry growing rapidly. Many more good jobs will be created by its growth. Radio is one of the few fields where you can get in on the ground floor. Clip the coupon and mail it now.

Many Radio Men Have Their Own Businesses

Many Radio men have their own businesses—full time or part time. Many start in a small way, repairing Radios in their spare time. Many others have capitalized their hobby of "fooling with Radio" by selling Radios and Radio parts. Many Radio men have their own Radio stores. Many Radio men have their own Radio service businesses. Many Radio men have their own Radio manufacturing businesses. Many Radio men have their own Radio jobbing businesses. Many Radio men have their own Radio broadcasting businesses. Many Radio men have their own Radio publishing businesses. Many Radio men have their own Radio schools. Many Radio men have their own Radio magazines. Many Radio men have their own Radio newspapers. Many Radio men have their own Radio radio stations.

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